

FALL FOOTBALL SPECIAL

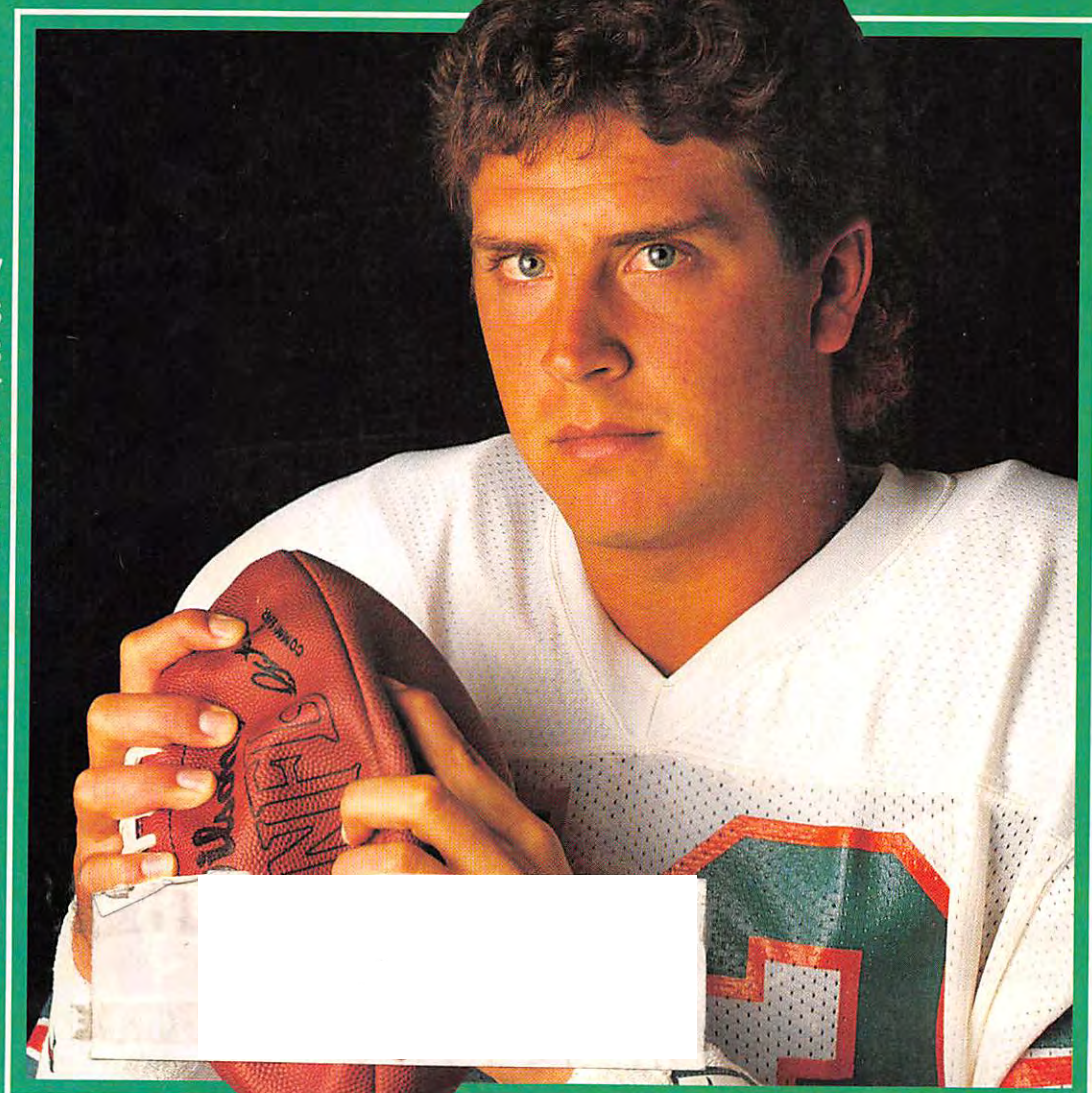
WINSLOW RETURNS • HOGEBOOM OR BUST  
CURSE OF THE PATRIOTS • SHULA & SON

# SPORT

OCTOBER 1986/\$2 CANADA \$2.50

## DAN MARINO SQUEEZES THE NFL

HOW  
MUCH IS  
FOOTBALL'S  
BEST  
PLAYER  
WORTH  
TO YOUR  
TEAM?



02781

OCTOBER 1986

## SPORT

Our 40th year of publication

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Dan Marino was ready this summer to break down the barriers of free agency in the NFL. If anyone could get owners into a bidding war, it's the man they call Touchdown.

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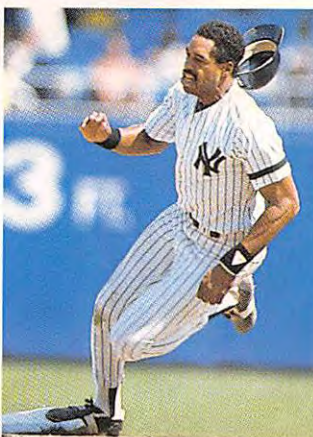
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SPORT (ISSN 0038-7797) is a monthly publication of SPORT Magazine Associates, 119 West Fortieth Street, New York, N.Y. 10018. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions are \$12 one year, \$18 two years, second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices, authorized as second-class mail by P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Canada, and for payments of postage in cash. © 1986 SPORT Magazine Associates. All rights reserved. Postmaster: send address changes to SPORT, P.O. Box 5016, Des Moines, Iowa 50306.

# PATRIOTISM

I disagree with your fourth-place prediction for the New England Patriots (NFL Preview, August). Even though the Patriots did have few injuries last year, the men who were sidelined were key, and the Patriots did well to get as far as they did without their services. I have also noticed how the Broncos and Seahawks, who also have high turnover ratios, are called "opportunistic," while the Patriots are simply "lucky." I hardly call ball-hawking defenders and an extremely aggressive secondary lucky.

Mark Singelais  
Lexington, Massachusetts

I must say, I am very, very angry. You placed the Patriots fourth! I guarantee they will make at least second place if not first and will be strong contenders in the playoffs. The Pats are young and healthy and hardly get "lucky" when they win. I wish SPORT would give more credit to teams of all sports from cities other than New York, Los Angeles and Chicago.

F. Lessard  
Erving, Massachusetts

I am sure your magazine gets dozens of letters from disgruntled fans who feel that their team was not given a fair analysis in your previews. Regardless of how unintelligent the picks may seem, you are entitled to your opinion. It is simply laughable, however, to pick the Patriots to finish fourth in the AFC East. There aren't three teams in the league that are better than New England, much less three in their division.

John Dudley Jr.  
Augusta, Maine

# BENGALISM

While reading your AFC preview, I agreed with almost everything you said. Except for the AFC Central. The Bengals have more offense than anyone in their division. The defense has been strengthened by three college standouts. Boomer Esiason could well be the MVP of the conference this year. The defense of the Browns is not getting any younger and the offense isn't very scary either. Look for the Bengals to take the division and send at least three offensive players to the Pro Bowl.

Brian Johnsrud  
Alexandria, Minnesota

# ARIZONA: POST NO BILLS

Upon reading your 1986 NFL Preview issue article "The End of the NFL" (August), I happened by chance on the segment about a possible move by the Buffalo Bills to

Phoenix. I must view this story with skepticism and sarcasm. First of all, I have the sinking feeling that Bills owner Ralph Wilson is using Phoenix as a lever to receive special concessions from the city of Buffalo. Second, NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle has stated over and over again that the league wants to pick "its own owners." Yeah, Pete, sure. You picked Leonard Tose, Bob Irsay and Billy Bidwill. A great bunch of guys, eh? Another point is the team itself. Why should Phoenix get someone else's problem? I'd prefer Bill Tatham, coach Frank Kush and the Arizona Outlaws to Pete Rozelle's rejects from Buffalo.

Michael D. Jones  
Scottsdale, Arizona

# THE DRUG BLACKLIST

"Branded" (August) reads as if it were a Sixties' underground newspaper item, complete with paranoia and gee-I-don't-see-why-I-can't-do-drugs thinking. Granted, there have been abuses of confidentiality, but do you expect anyone to fork out \$200,000 or more for a person who is a user? And the "...it was for marijuana [positive test] anyway" quote from an athlete who wants someone (be it owner or fan) to pay him for his performance, is pathetic. Or, maybe Len Bias's death taught us nothing?

Ronald J. Lofaro  
Enterprise, Alabama

Frankly, I do not sympathize with the players nor the union. For "the kid" who is disillusioned and feels stuck in the middle of a battle between the union and management, the solution is simple. Don't use drugs.

Symra K. Spottswood  
Cincinnati, Ohio

It was with a great deal of interest that I read "Branded." In the late Seventies I attended a small college in Kansas on a football scholarship, and while it was only NAIA level, we still had our share of drug problems. Every player, no matter what the level of competition, is subjected to the temptation of drugs. By the time you get to college you pretty much know the risks involved. The higher the athletic visibility, the greater the risks. If the NFL owners are hesitant about investing hundreds of thousands of dollars on a potential problem, that's their prerogative. So before the James FitzPatrick and Alonzo Johnsons of the athletic world start blaming anyone for their woes, they better take a long look at the person they see in their bathroom mirror.

Bob Morrison  
Shawnee, Oklahoma

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## DOLPHINS RISK IT ALL FOR A STADIUM NEXT FALL

DOLPHINS OWNER JOE ROBBIE IS building the nation's first pro sports arena financed entirely by the private sector. Unfortunately, that may not be the only news the project makes. In order to get construction under way, Robbie has put up his team as collateral on a \$100-million loan.

Rising near the borders of Miami's Broward and Dade counties, Dolphin Stadium, a 73,000-seat, open-air edifice, is scheduled to open next August, in time for an exhibition game between the Dolphins and Bears. Robbie hopes to repay his loan by offering 10-year leases on 216 luxury skyboxes, which range from \$290,000 to \$650,000, and 10,000 individual "club seats," which run between \$6,000 and \$14,000.

The Dolphins' new neighbors are up in arms over the project. The stadium will take up less than a third of the construction on the 432-acre site. The land had belonged to Morton Properties, a real estate developer. Morton Properties donated 160 acres to Dade County, which in turn is leasing it to Robbie at \$1 a year for 99 years. Morton will use the rest to build 1.3-million square feet of hotel, office space and retail stores, bring-

ing the kind of noise, traffic and rise in tax assessments no one wants in his neighborhood. The community has filed suit against Morton, Robbie and



▶ The project's split ends could put Robbie into wide receivership.

county and state officials, charging that zoning regulations were improperly changed to permit the deal.

While the suit is pending, the three banks that have backed \$90 million in construction bonds have had to put

their money into an escrow account. To continue construction, Robbie had to put up his entire fortune—including the Dolphins, their player contracts, draft choices, training facilities, broadcast rights, and the team's lease on the Orange Bowl—as collateral for a new loan from CenTrust Savings Bank of Miami.

If Robbie loses the suit, he will be hard-pressed to repay CenTrust, since he is counting on the availability of his original loans. If he defaults, he could lose control of his team.

Another tricky area involves a casino gambling referendum on the November ballot. If it passes, Dolphin Stadium may become a little island surrounded by a zoned "entertainment district" for gambling. Its proximity to horse and dog tracks also fuels the speculation of a "gambling center." In its deal with the county, Morton is free to build casino hotels on the site.

Though the NFL does not forbid an owner from using his team as collateral on a bank loan, it would frown on a gambling center. But sources say Robbie has put the league on notice that he will file suit if it attempts to stop him. And the last thing the NFL wants is another court date.

## B I T S

A National Catholic Basketball Conference? A plan to align such independents as Notre Dame, DePaul, Marquette and Dayton was in the works this summer, but could not be finalized for this season because of recent personnel changes at Marquette and DePaul.

The four schools already play a round-robin tournament each year, but conference affiliation would bring the benefits of more television coverage, which in turn would lead to more revenue, more appeal in recruiting and better exposure come NCAA bid time. Such a conference would instantly join the ranks of the best in the country.

Notre Dame AD Gene Corrigan insists that his school's basketball and football teams will never give up their independent status. Talks continue, however, and Bill Bradshaw, the newly appointed AD at DePaul, says the chances "are better than 50-50" that some new conference will be formed by this time next year. We'll keep you informed.

## Where the Sports Dollar Goes in D.C.

ELECTION DAY FOR THE HOUSE AND SENATE IS JUST AROUND THE corner, and once again the sports industry is in a giving mood. We're speaking of gifts to federal candidates and political action committees (PACs).

A run through the files of the Federal Elections Commission turned up many football owners, including Hugh Culverhouse of the Bucs, a former member of the NFL's Congressional Relations Committee (\$3,500 to a variety of candidates and PACs), and Donald Trump of the Generals, who hopes Congress will ask the NFL to expand in exchange for antitrust exemptions (\$1,000 to Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, a sponsor of similar legislation).

There were some PACs we didn't expect to find. Three Washington lawyers have formed the Peter Ueberroth Political Action Committee (PUPAC), which has no connection to Ueberroth but hopes its funds will help bring baseball back to DC. So far PUPAC has raised \$100.

Last year the PGA founded the Professional Golf Association Tour Political Action Committee to, as one official puts it, "support anyone who is a friend of golf." In May, Congress increased daylight-savings time by three weeks. The extension means an estimated windfall of \$35 million to the golf industry each year in additional greens fees, equipment sales and country club memberships. Ain't it good to know PGATPAC's got a friend?

## AUTOGRAPH PRICES TOO HIGH FOR PLAYERS TO SIGN

COLLECTING AUTOGRAPHS AT the ballpark is a dying tradition in baseball. Signatures are simply worth too much. Many players are reluctant to sign these days due to the burgeoning profitability of the baseball memorabilia business.

In recent years, what was once a hobby has grown into a multimillion

dollar industry built on collectors shows, where baseballs, bubble-gum cards and pictures signed by such stars as Pete Rose sell for \$30 each or more. The shows have become commonplace around the country. As a result, there are now thousands of professional autograph dealers hounding ballplayers for this lucrative merchandise, and players have become wary about giving away something they, or someone else, can sell.

The players complain that dealers are profiteering at the athletes' expense through the spate of collectors' magazines quoting prices on their signatures and by using children to get autographs and signed souvenirs. Richard Dotson of the White Sox tells the story of seeing a kid he had just signed for turn around and sell the autograph in front of him.

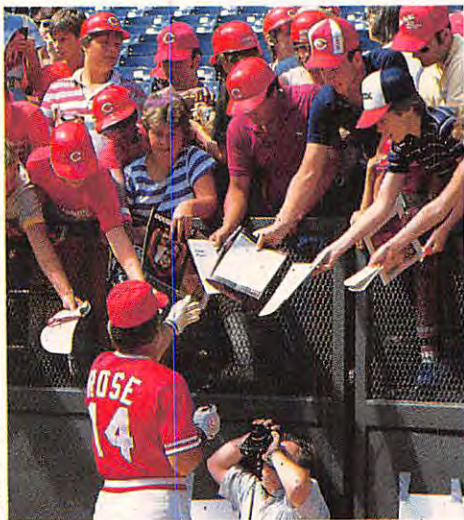
"I'll sign autographs all day but not to make some guy rich," says Pete Rose, whose Reds have become

notoriously stingy about signing. Like many players, Rose now signs only at the collectors shows where fans are charged, sometimes as much as \$10; he can earn a few thousand dollars for an afternoon's work with a pen.

Most shows, naturally, are run by major dealers and provide a market where collectors can sell and buy autographs and memorabilia freely. Prices rise and fall according to supply and demand—and according to a player's performance. Prices respond to other factors as well. The signature of a deceased Hall of Famer, like Earle Combs, will command \$50 while Stan Musial's still-vigorous scrawl will bring in only \$25. Autographed 8x10 pictures signed by active players like Jim Rice, Dave Winfield or Mike Schmidt go for \$15. Not much in itself, perhaps, but collectors often present glossies, baseballs, game programs—and signatures—by the dozen.

With so much money to be made, the casual collector has been left out in the cold, unless he's willing to pay for the autographs he used to get free. That leaves a sour taste even in the mouths of players.

"Signing autographs used to be fun," says Reds first baseman Tony Perez, "but now I don't sign for anyone because all they want it for is to make money."



FOCUS ON SPORTS

▶ "I'll sign autographs all day," says Rose, "but not to make some guy rich."

## S T A T S

Since a punter is rarely involved in his team's scoring, the most widely used measurement of his performance is the opponent's field position. But statistician Peter Hirdt has adapted a study on field position into a formula which shows how many points a punter contributes to his team.

"The Value of Field Position," the study conducted in 1971 by Robert E. Machol and ex-Bengals QB Virgil Carter, claims that every 36 inches of grid turf is equivalent to 0.0726 points. That is, 14 yards equals one point. Hirdt then computed the value in points of every NFL punter last season. Each punter's net yardage per punt (distance minus return yardage, and minus 20 yards for every kick resulting in a touchback) was compared to the league average. The difference was multiplied by 0.0726, then by the NFL average of 81.4 punts per team over the course of the season. Got it? Trust us.

Dale Hatcher of the Rams led the league with a net average of 38.0 yards per kick, 3.51 yards above the NFL average. His point value is 20.8. Consider that the Rams scored 340 points and allowed 277, a difference of 63. With an average punter, the Rams' 63-point advantage would have shrunk by 21 points. Now you've got it.

Conversely, the Bengals scored 441 points and allowed 437. With an average punter, the difference would have been 31 points instead of four, hence the Bengals would have been 27 points better without Pat McNally.

Our chart shows the punters who helped and hurt their teams' point totals the most in 1985.

### THE FIVE BEST

Dale Hatcher, Rams	+20.8
Rick Donnelly, Atlanta	+18.0
Greg Coleman, Minnesota	+13.1
Brian Hansen, New Orleans	+11.8
Sean Landeta, Giants	+11.1

### THE FIVE WORST

Pat McNally, Cincinnati	-27.0
Jim Arnold, Kansas City	-12.4
Steve Cox, Washington	-12.1
Harry Newsome, Pittsburgh	-11.7
Joe Prokop, Green Bay	-11.2

## Who Scribbles, Who Doesn't

Dave Miedema, a Chicago-based autograph dealer who frequently works the ballparks, uses a network of contacts in major league cities to keep tabs on which players still sign for free.

Many players answer by mail, says Miedema, but since the biggest stars get the most requests, they are more likely to return a signature that's been duplicated by a machine or rubber stamp. Reggie Jackson, Dwight Gooden, Cal Ripken, Eddie Murray and Ryne Sandberg use these methods.

The best players to ask in person or through the mail are Ron Cey, Andre Dawson, Steve Garvey, Tim Lincecum, Tommy Herr, Ozzie Smith, Wade Boggs, Gary Carter and Carlton Fisk. By team, the Twins, Indians, Expos and Astros are the most approachable at the park; the Reds, Mets, Yankees and Angels are the most reluctant.

Two final points: "Players hate it when someone hands them a stack of 76 cards to sign," says Miedema, so don't overdo it. And if you see Reggie in a bar, *never* ask for his autograph.

## INSIDE THE NCAA THREE-POINTER

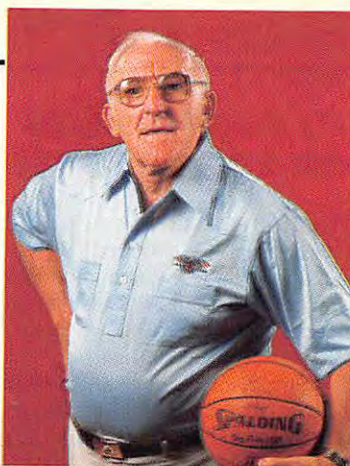
THE COLLEGE BASKETBALL world was stunned last spring by the NCAA's adoption of the 19-foot, 9-inch three-point field goal, effective this season. With the college game enjoying a surge in popularity, many coaches and writers shook their heads over the abrupt change. We visited the man responsible.

"We've been experimenting with it for five years," explains Dr. Edward S. Steitz, NCAA Rules Secretary-Editor. "Conferences in Divisions I, II and III have tried it. Last year 11 conferences used it. At the end of these trial periods, the 12-member committee reviewed thousands of solicited responses. What we found is that not

only did the media and spectators favor it, but the coaches, by a two-to-one margin, favored it."

Another reason for the change, says Steitz, was a concern over "rough post play. We wanted to alleviate the jamming in the lane. We wanted to put the little man back in the game. And we wanted to make the zone defenses come out and not stay put like trees."

But Duke coach Mike Krzyzewski is not convinced. "The shot is wrong for a lot of reasons. One, the timing is poor, since we just had a revolutionary change [the 45-second shot clock]. Two, the teams that want to employ their small men will do so anyway. We were 37-3 last season largely because of our guards. And three, the shot is too close. Now you'll see people try to incorporate the three-pointer for a full 40 minutes."



▶ Steitz believes the three-point shot will paint a new picture in the paint.

Rebuts Steitz: "Our data from 11 conferences shows the average shooting percentage from this distance is 39 percent. And at any rate, 19-9 is not cast in concrete. In the rules committee annual reviews, if we find that distance is incorrect, we'll change it."

Perhaps Krzyzewski is haunted by a game against Clemson in 1983, the year the Atlantic Coast Conference experimented with a three-point shot. With 1:06 to play, Clemson cut its eight-point deficit to one by fouling intentionally—sometimes chasing Duke players into the stands—then sinking three-pointers. After Duke converted two free throws with 8 seconds left to lead 99-96, Clemson's Chris Michael just missed a three-pointer at the buzzer. In the end, a stretch run full of fouls may prove to be the new rule's undoing.

## Open Net? Dial 1-800 Goaltender



AMATEUR HOCKEY LEAGUE TEAMS IN CANADA have found goalies hard to come by in recent years, since most players would rather shoot a puck 70 mph than stop one. No goalie, no game. But now there's a red light at the end of the tunnel: Rent-A-Goalie.

Doug Cardy, a 29-year-old transport driver from Brampton, Ontario, and onetime goalie for the Toronto Marlboros of the Major Junior A League, started his Rent-A-Goalie company last November. Requests came in so fast during the winter months that at one point he had a "staff" of nine goalies. "It got to where I was turning down work," says Cardy. "The phone was ringing off the hook."

Cardy charges \$23 for a game, \$18 an hour for scrimmages. He boasts that his company can supply an emergency goaltender anywhere in Toronto within an hour. That's better than most pizza deliveries. And there's a money-back guarantee, though there haven't been any complaints thus far. "If we were no good, we wouldn't survive."

At a rate of 40 to 60 bookings per month during the winter, Cardy has turned Rent-A-Goalie into a serious part-time business. As with any temporary employment agency, preferential treatment is given to frequent users. Of course, whether a team calls one hour or one month in advance, it will not get John Vanbiesbrouck.

"People aren't expecting much anyway," says Cardy, "but we do supply better quality than just a decent goalie." Maybe the New Jersey Devils should check this out.

## ASK MR. RESEARCH

Has a triple steal ever been attempted in the major leagues?

Richard Black  
Westmount, Quebec

A triple steal is not a rarity. In fact, on July 25, 1930, the Philadelphia Athletics twice pulled it off successfully against the Cleveland Indians—and they won the game, 2-0. The most recent triple steal was perpetrated by the Cubs against the Cardinals on June 10, 1984, with Leon Durham scoring on the play.

The rarest of all is the *quadruple* steal. On August 1, 1985, the Cards turned the tables on the Cubs, when a double-steal attempt turned into four stolen bases on one pitch. Vince Coleman was on the front end, sliding safely into third as Willie McGee breezed into second. But Coleman overslid the bag and found Ron Cey waiting for him. Coleman then broke for home and scored easily because the Cubs left the plate unguarded. Cey gave chase toward home and McGee completed the quadruple by taking the vacant third base.

For the answers to sports mysteries, write to Mr. Research, c/o SPORT Magazine. If he uses your question, you'll receive a SPORT T-shirt.

## TO RENT SHOES OR TOSS THEM?

THE HOTTEST BOWLER ON THE PBA Tour has been Walter Ray Williams Jr., who is the leading money winner and among the leaders in average and total points. But weeks after topping the \$100,000 mark for the first time in his career, Williams took a leave of absence this summer to return to his first love—pitching horseshoes.

"I really do love it, more than bowling," says Williams, 26, who last year won his fourth National Horseshoe Pitchers Association Championship, taking home the \$2,500 first prize. "It's the simplicity of the game. Very few people do it with proficiency. In bowling, sometimes a good shot is a split and a bad shot is a strike. Three or four pins can do the job for you. In horseshoes, close counts after two players' ringers cancel each other out."

While bowling struggles against a T-shirt and beer stereotype, Williams, a rangy 6-2 and 172 pounds, has found his passion for horseshoes has pigeonholed him all the more; contrary to expectations, he does not wear overalls. "Everyone expects I grew up on a

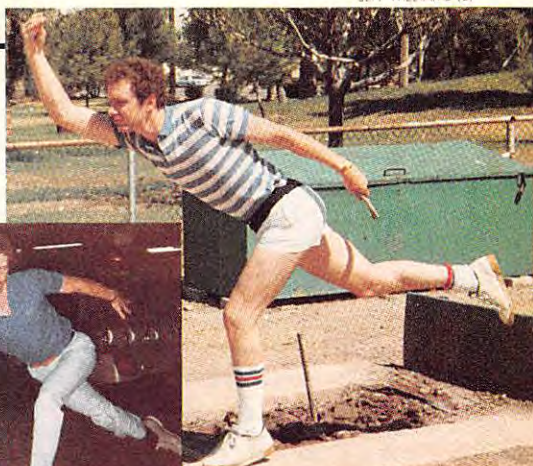
farm," says the San Jose, California, native, "and they're surprised to find I've got a physics degree."

Yes, Williams, an amalgam of oddities, earned his degree at California State Polytechnic University in Pomona in 1984. His senior project: the physics of the bowling ball. More recently he was developing a computer program to assist the National Horseshoe Pitchers Association in their scorekeeping.

Williams hopes to bowl another 20 years and pitch for 20 years after that. His goal is to match the pitching

achievements of Carl Steinfeldt, 67, the oldest pitcher to win a world title.

Hey, Walter, what's so wrong with trying to be another Dick Weber?



▶ Who says Williams can't have it all?

## READY, AUDOSTART, GO

SPRINT RACES OFTEN ARE WON or lost in the first few hundredths of a second. Shave .08 of a second off the start of the world's top sprinters and they would break the world 100-meter record of 9.93. Now many runners are training with an electronic system called AudoStart, which helps them improve their times out of the blocks.

AudoStart consists of infrared sensors and strobe lights, which measure the sprinter's start and progress along

## A Marathon Wrapped in the American Flag

HOW DOES A SMALL MARATHON ESTABLISH ITSELF AS AN IMPORTANT event in an already crowded field? The Twin Cities Marathon in Minnesota has earned the distinction as the U.S. qualifying race for the 1987 World Championships by devising a campaign based on the slogan "America first."

The Twin Cities Marathon on October 12 will award its \$260,000 purse only to U.S. runners. Its aim is to produce American stars, something that's been lacking in the sport in recent years. Twin Cities' organizers and sponsors (the principal sponsor is Pillsbury) will fly in every runner who has met TAC qualifying standards; that could mean 100 women and 200 men.

Creigh Kelley, chairman of the Athletics Congress' men's long distance committee, which made the site decision, was also impressed by the organizers' promise to provide training funds for the three men and three women who make the international team. "No other marathon concentrated on development as well as competition," says Kelley.

The fast course should attract many top U.S. runners as well. It features "a lot of long flat stretches and no bad hills," says race director Jack Moran. As evidence, Phil Coppess won Twin Cities last year with the fastest time of any U.S. runner in 1985.

New York, Chicago and Boston enjoy esteem as "international" marathons, a factor that may have worked against them in any bid for these trials. Boston wanted the '88 Olympic qualifier, but TAC prefers that the trials be an Americans-only affair.

Is Twin Cities stealing the thunder from the other races? "Not really," says Chicago's Bob Bright. "If the top seven guys in the world were Americans, then we'd be in a tight situation. But they're not."

segments of the course, and a timing unit. The timer emits a tone for the "set" command and a simulated gunshot. The time between the tones varies; eventually that conditions the sprinter to respond faster to the commands.

AudoStart was invented by Bill Alston, an engineer with a Silicon Valley firm. He created a prototype in 1979 when, as an amateur sprinter, he kept

getting burned out of the blocks. The unit has since caught on with Evelyn Ashford and Diane Williams, as well as decathlete Daley Thompson. "It was a big help to Ashford in breaking her own world record in the 100 meters," says her coach, Pat Connolly.

Alston hopes his next client will be the USOC, which experimented with the device at the World University Games in Tokyo last year.



▶ The starting block sensors help runners get in gear faster.

MARK TUSCHMAN/AUDO START

JOHN McDONOUGH



42



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RICH PILLING



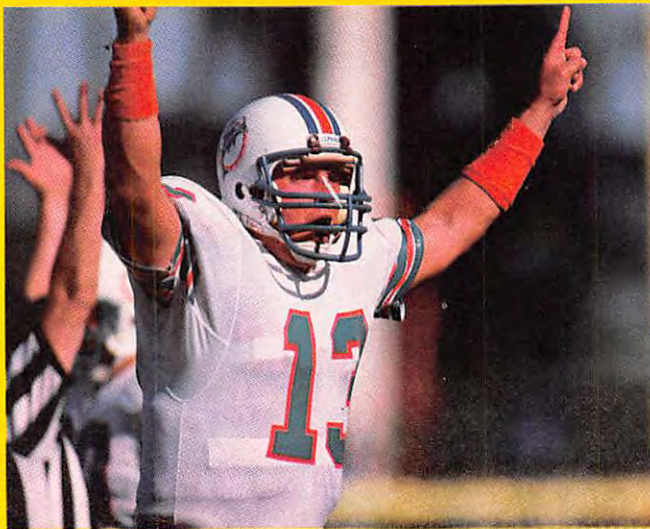
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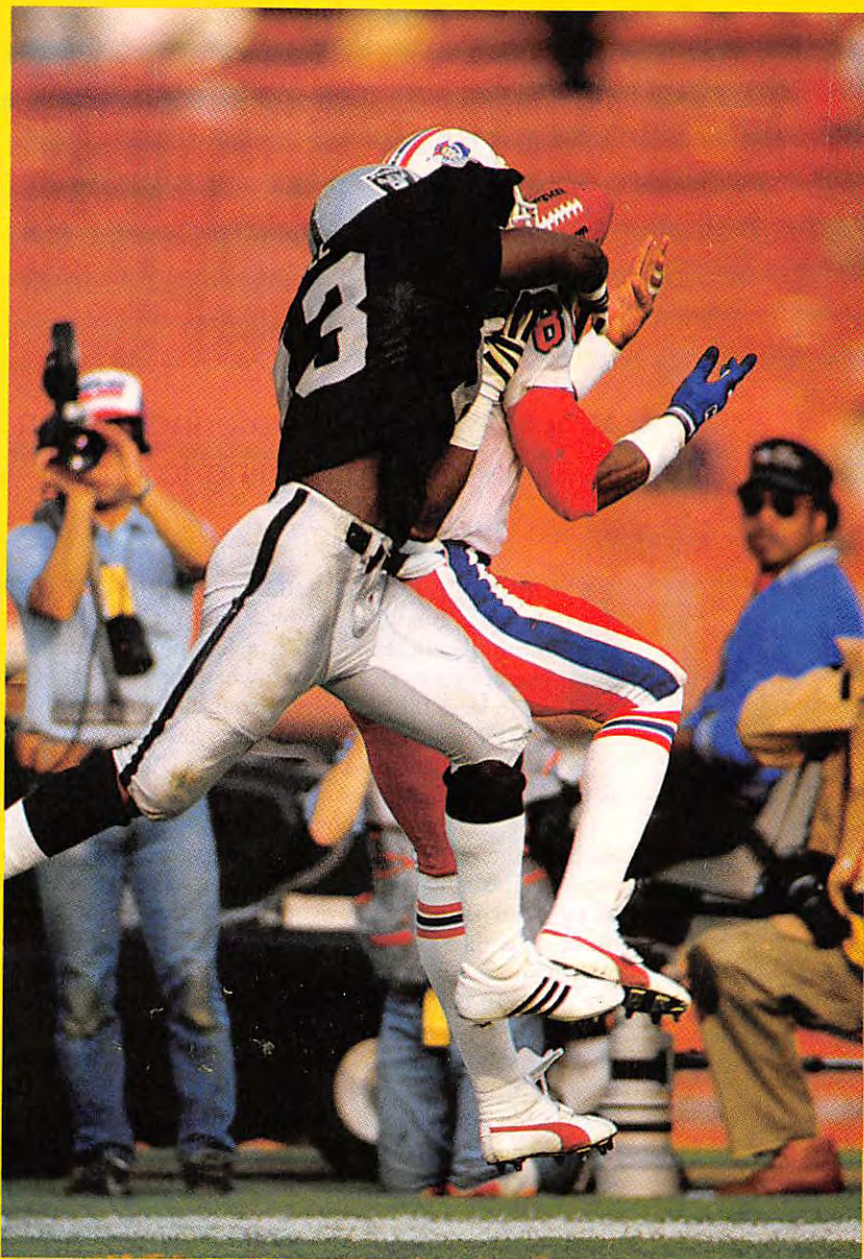


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JOHN McDONOUGH



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# SEASON'S GREETINGS

The stories to watch in Football '86. Happy new year.



# SUPERMAN II, THE SEQUEL

After two years of suffering, Kellen Winslow has something to prove.

By Ted Green

**A**S MEMORIES GO, THE BLURRIER THIS ONE GETS, the better. But when you blow out your knee, just shred it completely, and then live for months wondering whether your career is over; when the prospect of having to leave the best part of yourself behind at the age of 26 is all too real, well, it is not a day you forget. So Kellen Winslow remembers the date, October 21, 1984, as naturally as he recalls the birthdays of his two little boys.

It was a Sunday afternoon at San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium, the Raiders and Chargers in a typical point-fest, four minutes remaining in the game. The play was 638 Read. From his tight end position on the right side, Winslow sprinted toward the middle, then cut sharply back outside. Already planted, he had to reach back for the ball. On a vulnerability scale of one to 10, 10 being a sitting duck, Winslow was an 11. The pass from Dan Fouts arrived at about the same time as Raider linebackers Jeff Barnes and Rod Martin—Barnes hit him behind the knee just as Martin was coming over the top. Barnes' blow was legal by the book, but only marginally ethical by the unwritten code that governs the NFL. Winslow never blamed Barnes, not then, not now. Still, the big Charger tight end went down and was carried out on a stretcher.

It was his eighth catch of the day and fifty-fifth of the '84 season after just eight weeks. Winslow was on an incredible pace that would have given him 110 receptions for the year, nine more than the league record at the time (101, Charlie Hennigan, 1964) and four more than the single-season mark of 106 subsequently set in '84 by the Redskins' Art Monk. It's one reason why he so vividly recalls that catch, far more than his 423 others. That, and because it was his *last* catch for a full year, and could have been his last ever.

"It was a loud crunch," Winslow says, "followed by grinding. Then a pop. Just a pop. There was a lot of pain and I was flopping around like a fish out of water. Then the pain just stopped. When the doctor examined me, the ligaments were not there. When they took me away, I knew where I was going. To the hospital...for surgery."

In a year of cruel knee injuries that saw Winslow, Billy Sims, William Andrews and Curt Warner go down within three months of each other, Winslow's was potentially the most crippling of all. He had torn the medial collateral and posterior cruciate ligaments in his right knee. The posterior cruciate, positioned behind the knee, is the backbone of the entire joint, the hinge on the door. Doctors regard this injury as more career-threatening than the more common tears of the anterior cruciate, the ligament in front of the knee. Anterior tears are nas-







ty enough; in fact, a shredded anterior cruciate ended Sims' career.

Further, the reconstructive surgery is complex, with absolutely no guarantees. In essence, Winslow needed brand-new ligaments, grafted from the patella tendon just below the knee, and fastened in place with three half-inch screws. Dr. Gary Losse, the Chargers' team physician and the man who performed the three-and-a-half hour operation, told Winslow that many patients with similar injuries are lucky if they ever jog again, never mind getting jolted by Lawrence Taylor and Andre Tippett.

Today, two years later, Winslow can still recite by heart virtually every medical fact related to his case. He also remembers the specifics of other milestones since the operation. There was his first day on a stationary bike, a celebratory step in the rehabilitation process. There was his first practice day back with the team, when the simplest moves, he says, moves that once were second nature, made him

for a professional athlete cut down in his prime, even a \$3-million guaranteed contract cannot soothe.

KELLEN WINSLOW IS BIG AND BUBBLY and bright and extroverted, and like most gifted performers, his ego is quite healthy, to be sure. Sensitivity and vulnerability are not qualities Winslow readily shows, particularly when they're intimately tied into his athletic prowess. They don't fit well with the Superman reputation Winslow has always carried—and usually upheld—on the field. And it's always been important for Winslow to feel like Superman. But proud as he is, Winslow will admit when pressed that even he can't sugarcoat these last two years, for there have been problems and setbacks along the way.

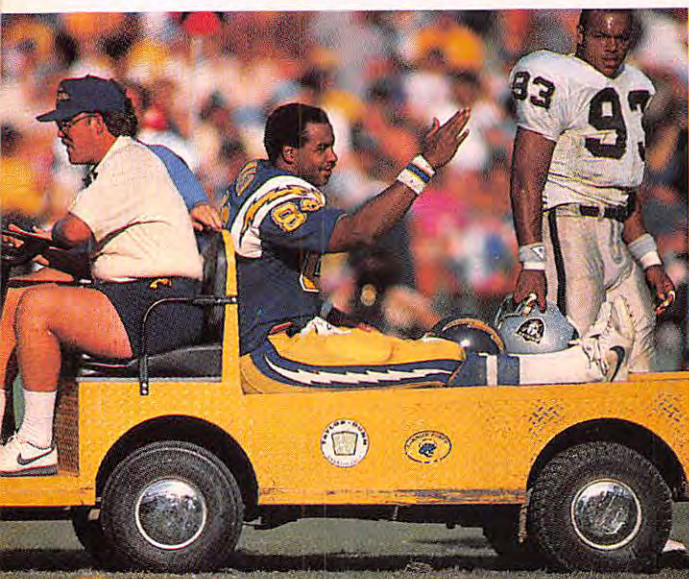
"It was a couple of weeks after the operation," Winslow says, "and I needed people to wait on me. My leg was up on the coffee table and, I'm serious, going to the bathroom was a major ordeal. So I guess I started to sulk, and the depression got worse, to the point where I was

er, knows more about the year Winslow spent in rehabilitation than anyone else. Howard spent countless days with him, apparently treating more than just his withered leg.

"Lots of times I didn't even treat him," Howard says. "We'd just sit and talk. We'd talk about his feelings. I'd ask, 'Why are you down?' And he'd say 'I don't think I'm gonna get better.' And I wouldn't see him for a couple of days. But he always came back. And, man, did he work. He worked as hard and as diligently as anyone I've ever seen, and that's not blowin' smoke. And I don't think it was easy for

**From cart to crutch to aborted comeback in one day less than one year: Too much too soon was still not enough to suit Winslow's timetable.**

him, because Kellen's the kind of athlete with so much natural talent, everything in the past had always come so easy. But once he was back on his feet, able to run again, he was out here every morning with our assistant head coach, Al Saunders,



JOHN McDONOUGH



JOHN McDONOUGH



RICK STEWART/FOCUS WEST

feel embarrassingly clumsy—so out of sorts, that his neck and shoulders ached for hours afterward simply from the unaccustomed burden of wearing a helmet and pads. And then, hallelujah, there was his first game back, against the Vikings in Minnesota, October 20, 1985, one day short of a full year from the day he was injured (he caught two passes).

Those milestones are like signposts on the journey to recovery that Winslow continues to travel in his twenty-eighth year and eighth professional season.

But it is a journey that also tells of the doubts, uncertainty and inner pain that,

shying away from the simplest things, like returning phone calls and answering mail.

"Then one night, it must have been about 3:30 in the morning, I sat up in bed and cried. I must have cried for two or three minutes. Then I realized, 'Why are you feeling sorry for yourself? It could always be worse.' So I pulled myself up, hobbled down to my office and started writing letters, catching up on everything I'd let slip. And I've been going full tilt ever since."

But when he let his defenses down, apparently there were other dark moments. Mark Howard, the Chargers' head train-

riding the bike, running distance and sprints, lifting weights and running patterns."

Dan Fouts, who has endured his share of injuries over a long career, puts Winslow's ordeal in perspective. "It's the pits, especially for a young guy like Kellen," says Fouts. "To go from the highest heights to the lowest lows, well, it's hard to explain. There's that time—for him it was a long time—where you're not sure if you'll ever come back. Regardless of what you're telling the world, you're not really sure. That feeling of insecurity, even despair, the anxiety you feel want-

ing to be back in the lineup... sometimes the depression becomes overwhelming. But you fight and struggle and finally come back. And only then is your world right again."

There were other problems, too, notably with Charger management over Winslow's approach to his rehabilitation; they objected to his frequent traveling during the first several months of recuperation. Instead of going to rehab every day, Winslow combined business and pleasure in New York, Chicago and Houston, through Florida and all across Canada, to spell out just part of the itinerary. Head coach Don Coryell didn't like it and said so. So did general manager John Sanders. Finally the Chargers' new owner, Alex Spanos, thought it important enough to intervene.

Winslow: "I said, 'Mr. Spanos, nobody wants to be back faster than I do. You want the old Kellen Winslow back? Hey, I want him back more than you do.' I also told him it was important not to become bored and stagnant during rehab. Same place, same time, same thing every day. When that happens, the frustration level can get very high, even boil over. Anyway, I'm not sure they liked it, but I think they understood."

"The main thing is not a day went by when I didn't do *something* for my knee. Whatever it was, swimming, leg extensions, whirlpool... In fact, I went to Hawaii for the Pro Bowl [after the '84 season], and instead of going to the game, I watched it on TV in my hotel room and sat in the bathtub at halftime, soaking my leg."

The Chargers are blessed with two other talented tight ends, Pete Holohan and Eric Sievers. Together they caught 83 passes last season, about the same number Winslow normally grabs himself during a full, uninterrupted season. The three are friends.

"You've got to pay the piper," Holohan says, "and pay him doubly with an injury like Kellen's. But I believe he has. Lots of mornings I went out around 8 or 8:30 in the morning [to work out] and Kellen was already coming in. He'd been out since 6:30 or 7. That's dedication. He'll be back. He'll have a big year."

But not automatically, and not just because he's Kellen Winslow.

FOR OPENERS, WINSLOW'S COMEBACK last October, after almost a year on the shelf, was something less than an artistic success. His first game back, he caught two balls and his knee had to be



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS



drained the next morning. The following Sunday, back in the starting lineup for the first time in more than a year, he fared better statistically, catching five passes. But the Charger coaches apparently saw some things they didn't like, particularly in Winslow's quickness. So, facing Denver the following Sunday, they sat him down. In fact, his entire contribution that afternoon, game nine of the '85 season, consisted of three plays. Two were draws and he stayed back to block on the third, a completion to Wes Chandler. Mostly, Winslow stood on the sideline with a long face. The following morning, when the rest of the Chargers reported

to Monday practice, he was nowhere to be found. The papers said he was AWOL, whereabouts unknown. Actually, he'd flown to Vancouver to sit in on a stockholder's meeting of a health-care company he partly owns.

"To me, it was the ultimate insult," Winslow says, talking about the benching that prompted him to split. "I said to myself, 'What the hell have you been doing the last year? Why bust your butt to be treated like this?' I thought, 'This is the way they repay me?' Hey, I didn't want to be treated like a child, but no one said a word to me, like, 'Kellen, we're sitting you down this week and here's why.' The [San Diego] papers said I was just sulking, pouting because I hadn't played.

About the only thing they *didn't* mention was drugs."

Actually, Winslow hadn't practiced much the week leading up to the Denver game due to swelling and stiffness in the knee, a condition to be expected after such extensive surgery.

"If he had been completely healed of course we would have used him," Coryell says now. "But we didn't want to jeopardize him in any way." And Saunders, the fair-haired boy Spanos is grooming for Coryell's job, says the coaches knew Winslow's initial comeback would be slow, gradual, inconsistent and, at times, very frustrating.

"But," Winslow says, "when I rejoined the team on Wednesday [\$1,000 lighter, thanks to a fine for missing practice] Coach Coryell and I had a good conversation about my role. He told me they wanted me to play my way into shape. He didn't actually come out and say, 'Kellen, you're not going to be a big part of the offense anymore, not this season, anyway.' He didn't have to. By that time, I knew it."

And so the Chargers used Winslow predominantly as a blocker through the rest of the '85 season. His final totals: 10 games, six starts, 25 receptions. It was a tremendous comedown for a man accustomed to 85-plus catches during a normal season, a feat Winslow accomplished all three years he has played full 16-game seasons. Still, humbling though it may have been, it was a hurdle that had to be overcome. Or as Dr. Losse says: "Kellen certainly wasn't productive by his standards, but I told him the year ['85] will have been extremely valuable when he looks back. See, he's not second-guessing himself anymore, wondering if the knee will hold up, unsure whether he can take a shot. The key psychological barriers have been cleared. Now it's all up to him."

The Chargers learned a valuable lesson, too. They learned there could be Life Without Winslow, or at least without the Winslow they'd grown accustomed to. Indeed, despite an 8-8 record, they led the NFL in passing offense for the seventh time in the last eight years. Even without their star tight end, the overall pass-catching totals were positively amazing: 83 for the blue-eyed tandem of Holohan and Sievers, making them the top two caddies in pro football; 86 for Lionel (Little Train) James, the tiny flier out of Auburn who led the AFC in receiving; plus 67 and 59 more, respectively, for the starting wideouts, Chandler and Charlie Joiner. And the blossoming of running

## Not Coming Back Now Has Its Benefits

When Kellen Winslow was carted off the field on October 21, 1984, a palpable shudder traveled up and down the sideline. Whether they admit it or not, most pro football players live in fear of a career-ending injury. Unlike top stars in other sports, very few have guaranteed contracts. And the average career lasts only four seasons.

But today, some NFL competitors are resting a bit easier about sitting at home with a shattered leg, torn knee or mangled toe (see recent retirees Joe Theismann, Billy Sims and Jack Ham, respectively).

That's because permanent disability insurance policies have come to the violent world of pro football. For a fairly stiff premium, a player can protect himself against loss of earnings in the event an injury leaves him unfit to play again. For example, Ham recently collected what his agents call "a substantial award" on his disability policy, while Theismann (\$1.4 million) and Sims (\$1.9 million) await the outcome of hefty claims they've filed with Lloyd's of London.

NFL Players Association officials say about 30 percent of NFL players now take out permanent disability insurance. "Five years ago, only a handful of players carried these policies," says Miki Yaras, director of benefits for the NFLPA. "They've become exceedingly attractive to players as salaries have increased. The players have more to lose."

The typical NFL permanent disability policy provides 24-hours, on- and off-the-field, worldwide coverage. The policy applies to any type of injury or illness, unless it is self-inflicted, or a result of criminal activity, drugs or alcohol.

Such coverage extends beyond the injury protection conditions of the NFL's collective bargaining agreement with the Players Association: Article 10 of the agreement stipulates that all players permanently injured and waived by their clubs are entitled to receive one-half of their next season's salary—up to a maximum of \$65,000. This helps explain why some lesser paid players haven't taken advantage of personal disability policies.

Another reason is the steep expense. Premiums vary, but most football players can expect to pay up to \$30,000 a year per \$1 million of full coverage, according to Ted Dipple, president of American Sports Underwriters, Inc. "We primarily look at age, past medical history and position to classify a risk," says Dipple. "Running backs and older quarterbacks are the least attractive cases."

Dipple was with Lloyd's when that firm pioneered the field of sports disability insurance in the mid-Sixties by insuring the likes of Gary Player, Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (then Lew Alcindor). Dipple's firm now has group-plan discounts with both the NFL Players Association and the NCAA (a select few collegians are now taking out policies to protect against their future earning power in the pros).

Even so, Dipple says as these policies become more popular, their cost is not likely to go down. Insurance men are nothing if not cautious. Fixing premium costs for sports disability policies "goes against the basic principles of insurance since we don't have a broad base of clients to spread the risk." He worries about the Theismann and Sims cases hurting the sports underwriting trade.

"Our business can easily dry up if people aren't careful with the risks they underwrite," he says. "We don't have a long enough track record to build totally credible scientific rates. There's a bit of luck involved. We have to bob and weave a bit since football involves collisions on every play."

Of course, to a player, that's the point.

—Bob Condor



backs Gary Anderson and Tim Spencer gave the Chargers more balance than they'd had in years. So the team Winslow came back to wasn't the team he had left. The offensive focus, out of necessity, had plainly changed.

"Plus," Saunders says, "we had to be extremely sensitive to Kellen's condition. After all, we were looking at him long term, to six, seven, eight more years on his career. Of course, he's so competitive, he's thinking, 'Why am I blocking on third down? Why am I only in for 25 plays a game? Why did I wind up catching only 25 passes?' But he understands now. Now he's taken the hits. Now the knee's as good as it ever will be. And now the idea is to get him back to the Pro Bowl in '86."

And not watching from the bathtub of a Honolulu hotel room.

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AND SO HERE WAS WINSLOW, WITH about two weeks of freedom before the start of training camp, already working out at the Chargers' summer facility in upper-crust La Jolla, just north of San Diego. On this particular morning, the only Chargers working with weights, grunting to their hearts' content, were the tight end trio of Winslow, Holohan and Sievers.

"The few, the proud, the tight ends," Holohan said.

Winslow: "Yeah, we're an elite group. We don't take just anybody."

Sievers: "Right. See, the deal is, our salaries total \$750,000. Kellen gets 695, Pete and I split the rest."

Holohan, with a twinkle: "But despite this blatant injustice, all the receivers are happy to have Kellen back. He attracts all the double coverage."

It is with a mixture of excitement, anticipation and still some questions that Winslow begins the 1986 season. Once he'd been without a doubt the most dominant player at his position. When the knee blew, he had amassed 399 receptions in only five-and-a-half years, an average of 73 a year. But even *that* figure was misleading because two of those years were half-seasons, a broken leg sidelining him the last nine games his rookie year ('79) and the player strike costing him seven more games in '82. Putting it another way, it took the current all-time leader, Winslow's teammate Joiner, 17 years to top the list with 716 receptions. The way Winslow was going, he'd probably have had

that many in nine years, 10, tops.

As it is, Winslow is the twelfth all-time among active receivers and thirty-fifth overall, with 424 catches after only six full years. Among tight ends, only three have caught more, Ozzie Newsome (502), Jackie Smith (480) and Mike Ditka (427)—and Winslow should pass the latter two this season. It is that kind of goal-oriented thinking that drove him. And from the upbeat way he's talking, it is driving him again.

"The hardest part about coming back last year and catching [only] 25 balls is to fall short of your *own* expectations," Winslow says. "That hurt. But I wasn't

**wasn't myself,  
I wasn't healed, and  
it was stupid  
for me to expect as  
much as I did  
...the hardest part  
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expectations."**

myself—I wasn't healed—and it was stupid for me to expect as much as I did.

"Right now I'm probably quicker than I used to be because I've worked on my getaway so much [he has also tested out as stronger, thanks to extensive weight-training for the first time in his career]. People always ask if I'll be my old self again. Well, I'll be at least 95 percent, and that should be enough.

"The thing is, I'm excited, I'm hungry, I have to prove something now. Now it's all about regaining. What I've done in the past might or might not be good enough to get me in the Hall of Fame. And if I had never been able to play another down, I'd still feel good about the career I had. But I want it to be noticed that I worked hard to come back. That doesn't mean I absolutely must be the best. If no one ever said, 'That's Kellen Winslow, the best tight end in football,' I wouldn't miss it, I really wouldn't. And with all the talent we have on offense, there'll probably be fewer balls to go around. But if I catch 60 or 70, and make a couple of more Pro Bowls [he's been to four already] all the work, all the pain, all the frustration...well, it will have all been worthwhile."

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OF COURSE, IT'S IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER that despite his seemingly successful rehabilitation, no matter how enthusiastic and upbeat he and the Chargers seem, he still must prove he can run and block and catch five or six balls every Sunday. Then come back and do it the Sunday after that. And again. There are nearly half a year's worth of Sundays, counting exhibitions and playoffs, and that is a ton of pounding for a reconstructed knee to take. Until then, talk is cheap. But there's plenty to go around, starting with the head coach.

"Kellen's such a proud person," Corryell says, "he's out to prove he's as good as ever. I believe he'll try to break a hundred receptions. And he can do it. It's just up to us to get the ball to him. And believe me, we'll try."

Saunders: "We want Kellen to have the ball a lot early. It'll be our specific intention to have him catch a bunch of balls the first few weeks of the season. We want his confidence very high. Can he get 80 or 90? Well, I think he can. Put it this way, the opportunity will be there."

Batterymate Fouts, who, thanks in part to his tight end, is about to become only the third quarterback in history to pass for over 40,000 yards, joining Fran Tarkenton and Johnny Unitas: "We were all very impressed with Kellen in minicamp. He's running as well as ever. And he looks even bigger and stronger. What's it like throwing to him? Well, I feel like Magic Johnson, dumping it into Jabbar in the middle. The assists pile up."

And, finally, this from Winslow himself: "Up until the day I got hurt, everything had come easy. When I needed my God-given talent, it was always there. Then, suddenly, it wasn't. So I learned about hard work. I learned that with faith in God, anything's possible. And I learned that while money is important, it isn't paramount. The game is what's important. Satisfaction has no price tag. If I wasn't in the NFL, I'd be over at the park on Saturday, trying to grab nine or 10 balls in a game of touch."

Now, of course, the game is tackle. Tackle with the big boys. And this season one of the biggest boys is back. Although no one outside the Chargers' camp is ready to re-anoint Kellen Winslow king of the tight ends, that is what he's after. After all, Superman wouldn't settle for anything less. ★

*Ted Green is a writer and TV sports commentator in Los Angeles.*



# THIS MAN FOR HIRE

Dan Marino is ready to win this year, then turn his back on Miami.

By J. David Miller

**D**AN MARINO'S EYES PEEK OUT FROM UNDER THE edge of a gray baseball cap. They are like blue flames, and at times their intensity forces his listener to look away. Marino is frustrated. His fourth season in the National Football League is beginning and with it has come the final year on his contract with the Miami Dolphins. But neither a new contract nor what Marino considers a serious offer has come from the Dolphins' owner, Joe Robbie. "Robbie will make an offer by July," an NFL general manager said last spring of what even then seemed like a long delay. "He won't let Dan get away."

July came and went, however. And now, after Marino collects his base salary of \$400,000 and completes his service to the Dolphins this fall, he will get away. In February the most prized quarterback in the NFL will be available to the highest bidder. Marino is about to become a free agent.

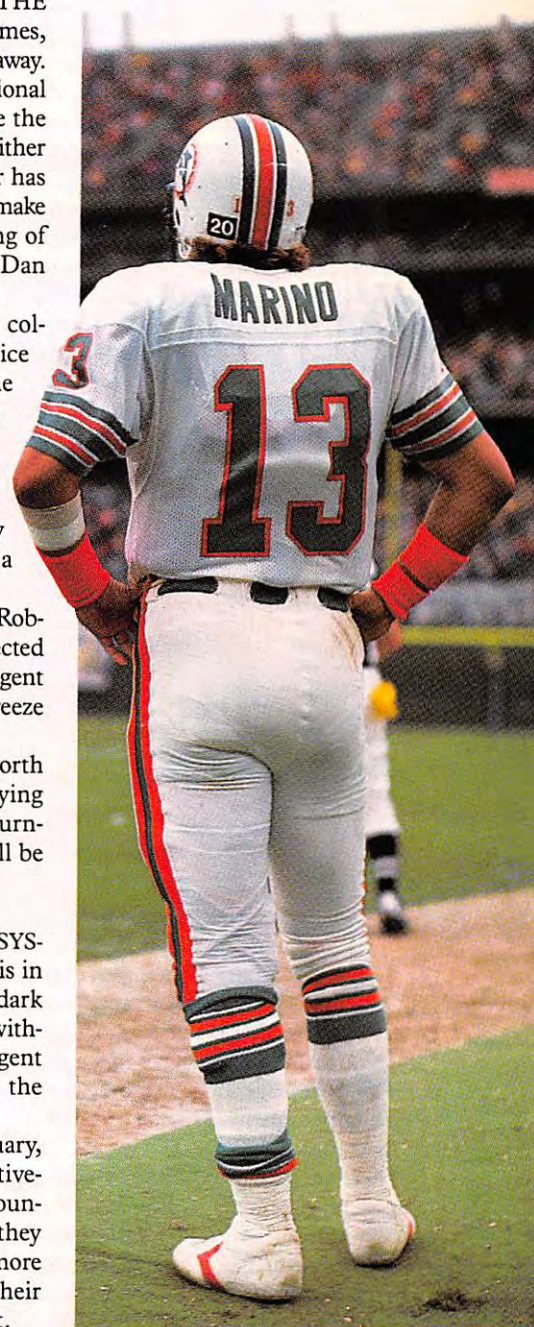
"I guess Joe Robbie never appreciates anything until it's gone," Marino says of his contract talks, which stalled out in August. "Joe Robbie wants a Cadillac but he only wants to pay for a Volkswagen. It's a shame Robbie is in a position where he can control people."

Other NFL owners may think it is a shame, as well. For Robbie's failure to sign Marino is, to some of them, an unexpected and threatening development. Finally, there will be a free agent who could break the league's long-standing, comradely freeze on player movement.

Marino stares ahead, unblinking, as if pondering his worth on the open market. "Regardless of Joe Robbie, I'll be playing somewhere next year," he says, the corner of his mouth turning up into a smile. "Yeah, I'll be playing. Whether it will be in Miami or not, I just don't know."

MARINO'S DETERMINATION TO CHALLENGE THE SYSTEM is certain to have major impact on an impending crisis in the NFL. Once again, the issue of free agency is casting dark clouds over the start of an NFL season. "I guarantee you, without question, there will be another strike in 1987," says agent Leigh Steinberg. "That is, if there isn't a lockout by the owners."

When the pistol cracks to end Super Bowl XXI this January, there will be no more NFL football without a new collective-bargaining agreement between the NFL Management Council and the NFL Players Association. The players insist they must have an improved system of free agency, allowing more freedom of movement and bargaining for players when their contracts expire. Management, however, remains defiant.





which time Robbie "said Dan should be the highest-paid player in football." A month later Demoff sent the Dolphins a contract proposal. "It took Robbie two months to respond—he wanted nothing to do with fair market value."

Joe Robbie was unavailable for comment on his talks with Marino. He declined to reply to repeated phone calls and messages left at his office. A source close to the negotiations, however, said Robbie's return offer to Marino was for "Neil Lomax money," or about \$700,000 per year. That was increased on the first day of training camp last year, the source says, to about \$1 million per year. Marino stood firm with his original request for a five-year deal that averaged approximately \$1.2 million a season, making him the highest-paid player in the league.

Marino held out of camp last year, but returned before the season, he says, due to his obligations to commercial sponsors, who had based endorsement contracts on his playing, not waiting. Although he faltered at Houston on opening day in a 26-23 loss, Marino showed no more signs of a letdown, relentlessly throwing for

was not feeling very flexible. What he would have accepted a year ago, he said, was not what he would accept now.

"Maybe Robbie thinks he can wait and match any offer in 1987," Demoff says. "He doesn't realize that the money difference doesn't equal the relationship that has been destroyed between him and Dan. Dan has soured on the relationship, and just doesn't want to deal with the man. He feels like Robbie is testing him on principle. Well, we're not responding to any more offers." Unless Robbie gives Marino everything he wants, Demoff says, "Dan will call Robbie's bluff and become a free agent, and find out exactly what his value is."

**RISKING THE LOSS OF MARINO** seems a daring venture for Robbie, who has put up the Dolphins' franchise as collateral for a \$100-million loan to build his new stadium near the Dade-Broward county line. (See related Sport Talk, page 11.) The absence of Marino could seriously rattle the Dolphins, despite the granite presence of head coach Don Shula. "When Jim Kiick, Larry Csonka and Paul Warfield in 1974 went to the World Football League," recalls former

tracts, they had won Super Bowls. What has Marino done in terms of Super Bowls? He's 0-1." Even Morris sees the difference. "What counts is winning the Super Bowl; I don't care if you throw 500 touchdowns," he says.

Obviously, determining the fair market value of a man who throws 50-yard touchdowns is no easy task. "I think Robbie wants to keep that team together," says Mercury. "But he also doesn't want to become a pioneer in opening up the range of salaries."

**ARMOR-CLAD VETERANS, ROOKIES** and free agents are running in scattered, but organized, directions in the sizzling humidity of training camp. Stone-faced Don Shula glares through black sunglasses. Dan Marino is making faces at 12-year veteran Don Strock, the Dolphins' backup quarterback; both erupt in laughter like high school sophomores on the first day of varsity practice.

Marino snugly yanks on his white helmet and idles under center, his eyes flickering at an imaginary defense. He drops, sets and fires; the ball explodes off his fingertips. Strock watches patiently; chin-strap dangling, hands on hips. Jim Jensen, the third-string quarterback, who is better at catching passes than throwing them, spends his time poking at the grass with the tips of his cleats, watching Marino, then Strock, and Marino again.

Plainly, there is no heir apparent to Dan Marino. Strock's years are numbered. Jensen, though versatile, is too much like the departed David Woodley—stiff, mechanical. Marino is smooth, like a tepid lake on a hot summer afternoon. He is quick, alert, instinctive. "Woodley was a great athlete playing quarterback," says Shula. "Marino is a great quarterback playing quarterback."

When Robbie failed to meet Marino's August 1 deadline to reply to his contract proposal, the quarterback said he wanted to focus all his attention on the season. He says he doesn't think his contract problems will distract his teammates. "It will benefit the whole team in the long run," Marino predicts. He also says he hopes Don Shula understands, "because he knows what it's like to talk contract with Joe Robbie." Shula wrangled an improved contract out of Robbie in 1984 by flirting with Donald Trump and the New Jersey Generals. "Shula is not concerned about the situation," notes Marino, "until it prevents me from being here. Then it becomes his problem."

Whether Marino will be able to duck



"This is the ugly side of free agency," says Paul Brown. "It's not healthy for players to pack up and go play for whichever team wins the auction."

AL MESSERSCHMIDT

4,137 and 30 touchdowns on the year. The biggest issue to Marino now is that he feels Robbie has ignored him since last summer. "Still no offer from Robbie," said a frustrated Demoff after Marino reported to training camp this year. "We sent him an offer this July [1986]. He claimed he lost it, and we had to send him another. He hasn't responded."

Marino admits Robbie's lack of interest has wounded him. It has become a matter of pride. Marino's last demand is said to have been for a five-year contract worth a total of \$7.5 million, or about \$1.5 million a year, fully guaranteed. And Marino

Dolphin halfback Mercury Morris, "it left our team in total disarray. But then Robbie renegotiated my contract, and Larry Little's contract, under the guise that he didn't want two more players of prominence to leave. Joe Robbie tries to be fair, but the fairness has a limit. He doesn't realize, perhaps, that at the end of his fairness is unfairness."

Another former Dolphin says Robbie is "pissed" because Marino failed to win the Super Bowl. "You have to realize how many players have won Super Bowls for Robbie," the player says. "When he renegotiated Merc's and Larry Little's con-

his frustration this season the way he ducks blitzing linebackers remains to be seen. "This situation affects everything in my life but my ability to play and my love for the game," he says. "On the field, I'm not playing against Joe Robbie. Every day I must continually prove that I'm a winner, continually strive to be the best quarterback in the game. That's an entirely separate issue from my contract."

There is also no doubt that a big year would only enhance his position as a free agent, and his appeal to Joe Robbie. South Florida has taken to Marino in his three years here—identifying him with Miami the way Joe Namath personified New York. Marino has been building a 4,200-square-foot lakeside home in suburban Miami and until this summer had no intentions of leaving here on his own accord. "All things considered, I don't want to leave," he confesses.

"This is the ugly side of free agency," says Paul Brown of the Bengals. "It's not healthy for players to just pack up and go play for whichever team wins the auction. Sentimentally, it's wrong. Walter Payton was the hero of Chicago. There was no way I would have attempted to outbid the Bears for him, if for no other reason than that." But given a shot at Dan Marino, it's unlikely many teams will share Brown's scruples.

Tucked away safely inside his sleek, white helmet, the smooth face of Dan Marino gives no hint of worry. "Dan has a magic quality," insists Demoff. "He'll play this season with a special sense of purpose. He wants to prove Robbie wrong for not trying to sign him earlier."

BACK IN HIS RECLINING CHAIR, Dan Marino spits a stream of tobacco juice into the ever-present paper cup. "I hope the fans understand," he says softly. "There's so much about contract negotiations people just don't understand." He pauses, aware most of the population finds it laughingly hard to sympathize with a man who already commands an exorbitant income. "Sometimes, I wish we were all amateurs again." He sits up suddenly on the edge of the chair, inspired by his own remarks. "I'd play for nothing. Ab-so-lute-ly free." He sighs, reclining once more. "But that's not the system. Instead, you have to get the most out of it while you've got it.

"I've got no choice but to try." ★

*J. David Miller is the co-author with Neil Lomax of Lomax's autobiography, Third and Long, to be published this month.*

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Of course before he takes the field he has to be recruited (roughly \$1,950, on a prorated basis), boarded (\$2,405 a year), educated (\$5,870 a year for a state nonresident), medically ministered to (\$1,200 a year) and flown to the game (\$1,800 a year). That's already \$13,225.

But then with money flowing in from national television fees (\$500,000-plus), attendance (\$1 million gates at State U.) and bowl game appearances (\$600,000 for the Rose Bowl), what's \$17 for a girdle?

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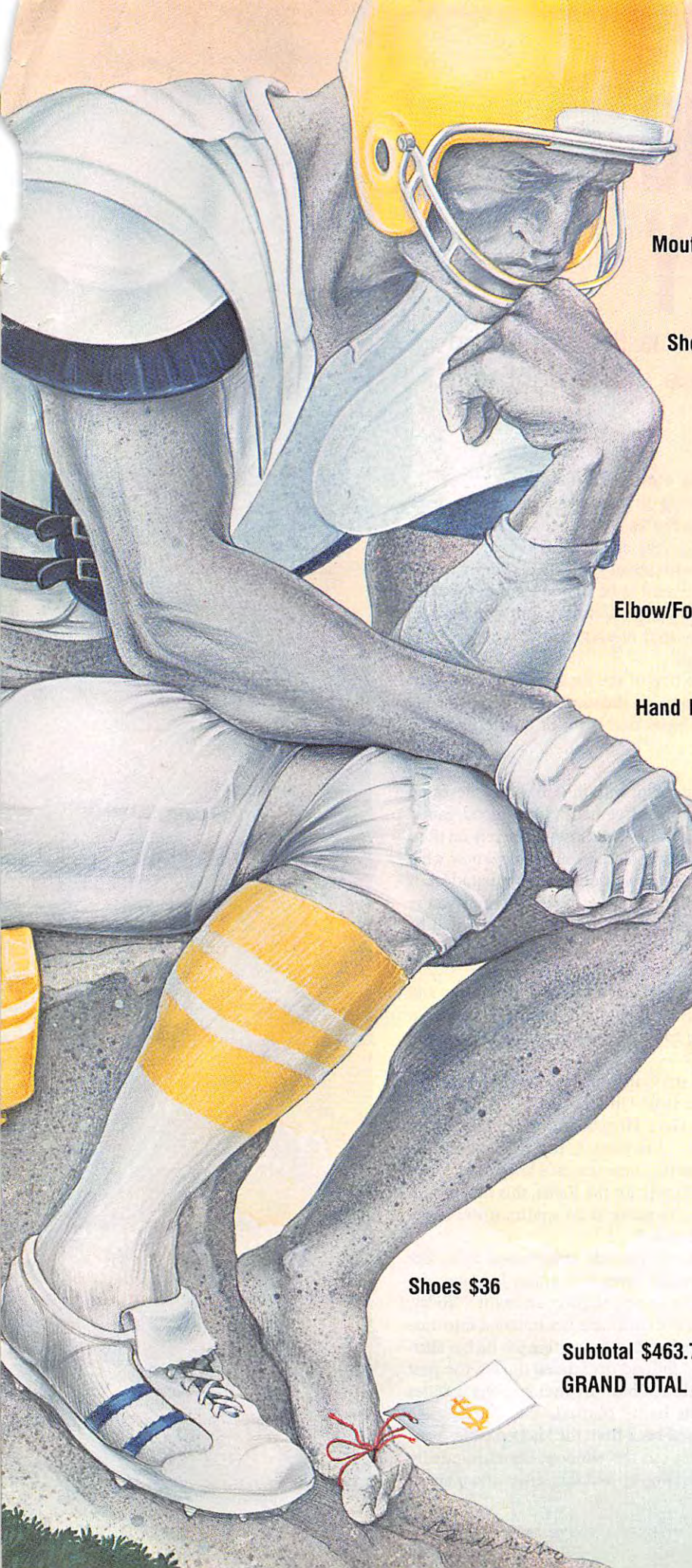
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*Figures are approximate, based on discussions with major suppliers and schools.*



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# SITTING PRETTY

Gary Hogeboom is the right man in the right place at the right time.

By Bob Drury

**O**kay, quick thoughts. Patriots in the opener. "Flying high, coming off that season. But they've never been there before, so the team can go in one of two directions: repeat the big year or slide backward. Listen, I don't know a whole lot about the Patriots, but I'm taking the attitude that if you want to be a good team in the NFL you have to beat the good teams. If you're going to be bad, then you're going to be scared of everybody."

Second game. Dolphins?

"Definitely going to be one of the tougher teams we play. No doubt I'll be excited to be on the same field with Marino. He's done more in three years than a lot of quarterbacks do in their career."

Next up, Rams.

"A team I've played against a lot with the Cowboys, preseason and regular season. Seems like I've had a lot of good games against the Rams. They play a basic defense. They rely on their athletes being better than your athletes. You usually know what they're going to do. And if you've done your preparation, if you know what you're going to do with the ball, and you're not greedy, you can complete passes on them. They will be a team I know a lot about."

And to close out September, the Jets.

"Never played against them. Hear a lot about Gastineau and Klecko, that they're a team with a tough defense. From what they tell me, you're going to be in a hitting match when you play 'em."

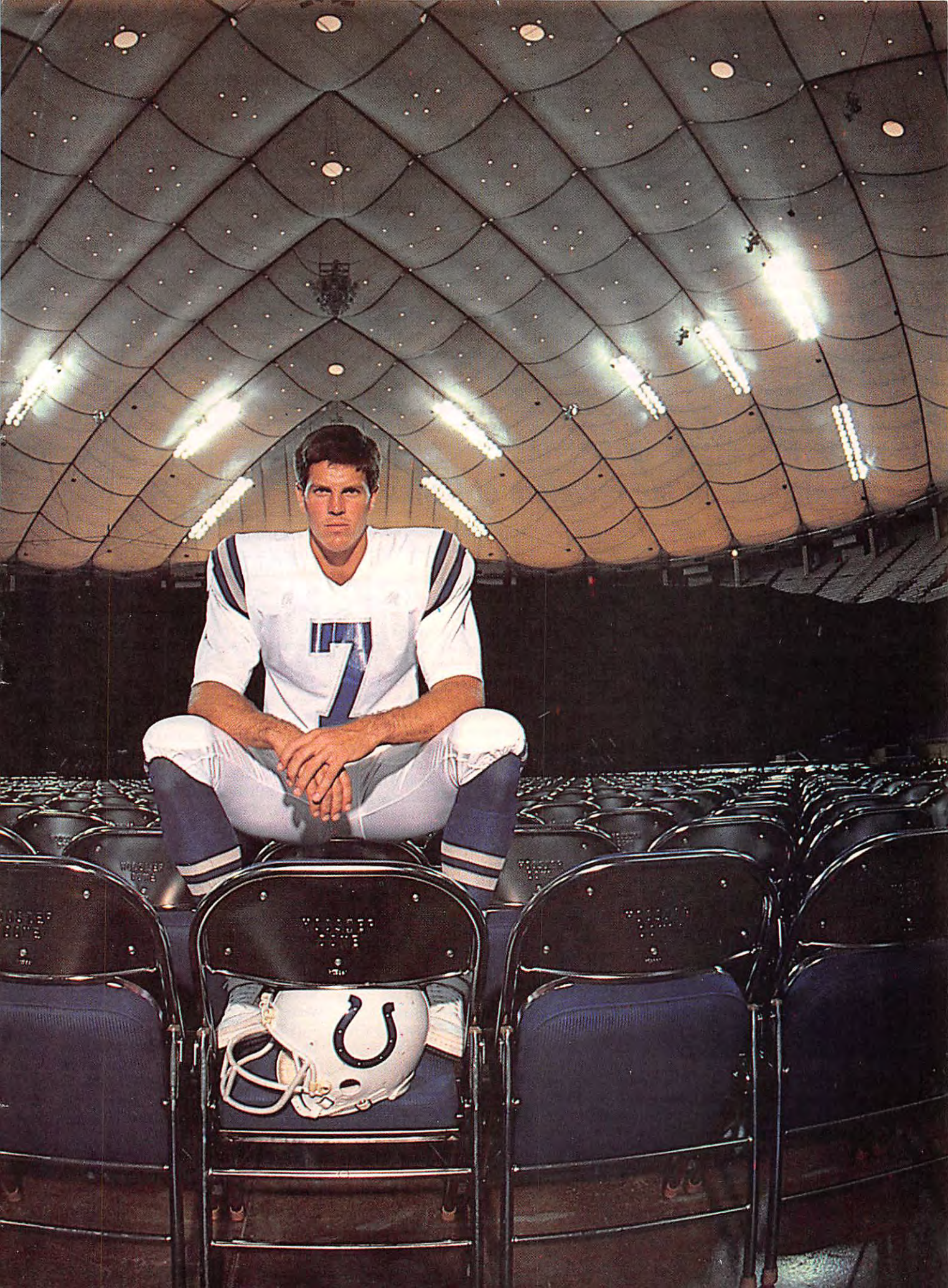
Finally, a prediction on the Colts' first month of the season? Three and one? Two and two? Oh-for-four?

"Hey, get real," laughs Gary Hogeboom, the newest savior of the Indianapolis Colts. "I'm honest, but I'm not stupid. I do think we'll do well against those teams. I know everybody around here realizes that. Except for the Rams, this first month is our division. And if you're going to do anything you're going to have to beat those guys."

Hogeboom, who at 6-4, 200 pounds nevertheless looks like he should be running through caves with Injun Joe, once described himself as "slightly cocky, slightly arrogant." Today, the arrogance is gone, and the cockiness has mutated into anxious anticipation over being handed the starting job he has alternately pleaded for, cajoled for and demanded during the past three years. In Dallas it eluded him. In Indianapolis it stares him in the face. So far, he hasn't blinked.

Hogeboom pushes himself back from the kitchen table, leans back in his chair and stares out the window, absentmindedly stroking the towhead of his two-year-old son, Jake, who is shim-







mying up his left leg. Perhaps he is wondering whether to buy that nine-acre stand of beech and oak that abuts the backyard of his five-bedroom colonial in the Indianapolis suburb of Zionsville. Maybe

he's thinking about the pressure on a quarterback traded to a team that has won only nine games in the past two years and last made the playoffs when people were still optimistic about the Carter administration. Or possibly Gary Hogeboom, who finally got his wish to be freed from the yoke of Tom Landry and the Dallas Cowboys, is experiencing a pang of regret about asking out of the penthouse and being sent to the NFL's outhouse.

"Regret," he laughs, his voice rising an octave as he snaps out of his daze. "Regret! None. None at all. I was just think-

ing that it's such a different environment around here. I grew up in Michigan as an outdoor person, fishing and hunting. I was always outside. Here I can go out every night with the kids and play on the front lawn. Just the other night we were playing baseball with Jake and [three-year-old] Heidi Jo, and Kristi reminded me that we never did that in Texas.

"Down in Dallas, you're outside a little, maybe by the pool, but it's so very hot. And I was always worried about my kids getting eaten alive by something down there. There's fire ants, scorpions, this and that. Seems like everything has the possibility of being poisonous. Here in the Midwest, it seems like there's nothing poisonous."

Including, not least of all, the atmosphere around the quarterback of the local professional football team.

## Meanwhile, on the Premiere of Dallas...

Danny White and Gary Hogeboom locked next to each other in Dallas and did not speak. They sat side by side in quarterback meetings and communicated only through the coach. "We're pen pals," Hogeboom would joke.

White and Hogeboom were the main event in a mostly bitter Dallas Cowboys' quarterback controversy that was born in the 1982 NFC Championship game and finally died when Hogeboom was traded to the Indianapolis Colts in April.

And thus White, 34, has the job to himself once again, just the way he always thought

he should. The Cowboys are Danny White's team—at least until Steve Pelluer, the No. 2 quarterback, or somebody else, shows he's better.

"There's probably a little more pressure as far as what's expected of me," White says. "They're counting on me more than in the past until Steve gets a little more experience. But that's the kind of pressure I enjoy having. I don't like the pressure of not knowing from one week to the next who's going to play. It's a good situation now."

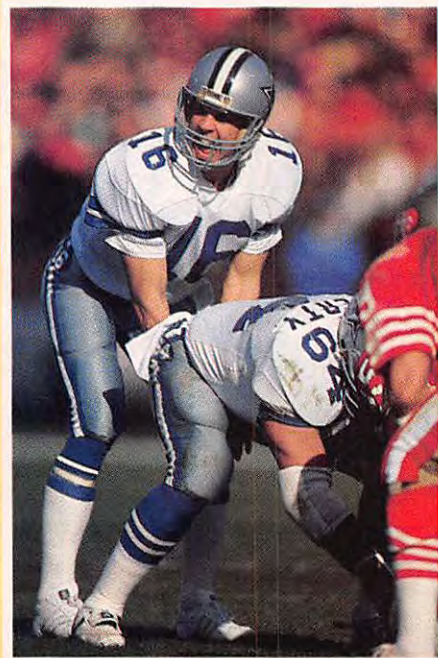
The 24-year-old Pelluer, now in his third season with the Cowboys, was the PAC-10 offensive player of the year in 1983, his senior year at the University of Washington. In his first-ever regular season appearance last December, he came off the bench, following injuries to White and Hogeboom, and led the Cowboys to the fourth-quarter winning touchdown against the Giants to clinch the NFC East title. The next week he was back on the bench.

"It was probably the single most important period in my career. I was on a cloud for about a month after that," Pelluer says.

"Being No. 2 now is a great opportunity for me and to be able to replace Danny has to be my next goal."

Pelluer admits he's not ready to start just yet. When he is, he says he will campaign for the job only through action on the field, a mild slap at Hogeboom. Because of Pelluer's lack of experience, the Cowboys do not yet know how capable he is. But considering that White was often injured last year, Dallas should have more opportunities to find out.

In any case, for the first time in years, coach Tom Landry is without a quarterback headache. At least not a migraine. "It's pretty clear I've chosen Danny to be our quarterback this year," Landry says. "That doesn't mean it can't change. But obviously, it won't."—Gary Myers



**Pelluer provides a change of pace: Quiet, content, willing to wait.**

THE COUNTRYSIDE SURROUNDING Indianapolis, the thirteenth largest city in the United States, is a rolling green-sward dotted by developments with names like Golden Oaks, Pickwick Farms and Chelsea Village. These settlements are separated by those ubiquitous "If You Lived Here You'd Be Home Now" billboards. Cul-De-Sac Arms would do for all. Riding the highways, in this case driving to meet Gary Hogeboom for dinner, is a bit like traveling the Mobius Strip.

The highlights of Hogeboom's career wouldn't fill a Nuke-the-Whales pamphlet, and they flash through the mind's eye as the rental car skims down I-495.

College: Led Central Michigan to a 19-2-1 record in two years as a starter. Set school total-offense record with 4,045 yards.

Draft: Selected by Dallas on the fifth round in 1980. Ninth quarterback taken, following immortals like Gene Bradley, Rusty Lisch and Bill Hurley.

1982: First regular-season pass attempts, completes three of eight with an interception. Replaces the injured Danny White in the NFC Championship game against Washington and completes 14 of 29 for 162 yards, with two touchdowns and two interceptions. A Golden Boy is born.

1983: Plays sparingly as a reserve, completes 11 of 17 for 161 yards. Gets edgy about playing time. *The Dallas Morning News* polls players during the off-season, asking who should be the starting quarterback. Hogeboom sweeps the poll, 20-4, with 10 No Comments.

1984: *The Quarterback Controversy*. Wins the starting job in camp after a highly publicized and rancorous battle with White. Sets a team completion record (33-47, 343 yards) in nationally televised, opening-day 20-13 victory over Rams. Continues to start through game seven, which Dallas loses, 34-14, to Washington, falling to 4-3. Replaced by White in six of last nine games as Cowboys fail to make playoffs for the first time in 10 years.

1985: Backup again, starts two games because of injuries to White and loses both. After the season, he demands to be traded. On Monday, April 28, 1986, he is sent to the Colts for a swap of '86 second-round draft positions and a contingent middle-round pick in '87.

1986: Summer. Dinner for two at the Bombay Bicycle Club on the northern outskirts of Indianapolis.

"When Landry first said he was going



to trade me," says Hogeboom, dabbing at his linguine and shrimp, "I thought there was a 95 percent chance I'd be gone and a five percent chance I'd end up again with the Cowboys. Then, as time went

on and the months seemed to drag by, and it got down to a couple of teams still interested, I figured there was only a five percent chance I'd be traded. I thought the odds were pretty good that I'd still be with the Cowboys. Let me tell you, I wasn't real fired up about that.

"Believe me, when I asked for that trade, I had some trepidations. I'm six years in the league, I'm 28 years old, and I have done *nothing* as an NFL quarterback except for a few games. I know there's a thousand fans out there who read the papers, and to them, me asking out of Dallas was, well, you know... 'Here's a backup quarterback making a lot of money and he's always bitching.' That's hard to take, because that's not the way it happened. But what am I going to do? Go up to every one of them and explain, 'Hey, that's not the way it was?'"

So Hogeboom left Dallas with a reputation as a complainer. Beforehand, he

THE MAN ACROSS THE TABLE IS not the Gary Hogeboom one has come to expect from the media reports. All evening the conversation has been vivid. Whether demonstrating the finer points of snatching a lobster from under the coral reef while snorkeling off the Florida Keys, or discussing an athlete's rude awakening while renegotiating his own contract (which Hogeboom did, with Gil Brandt, in 1982), Hogeboom displays a relaxed—even ironic—appreciation of life outside of pads and points-after.

He's as interested in the relationship between the U.S. Congress and the NFL vis-a-vis antitrust legislation as in the writings of former Cowboy Pete Gent, to whom he once introduced himself at a players association meeting. He won't knock Landry for yo-yoing him around in Dallas, but he laughs and squints his eyes in appreciation when told what Gent once said on the topic of their former coach—"Never trust a man who has a personal relationship with God." On the subject of mandatory urinalysis he is a liberal: "Why should I have to prove that I'm drug free?" he asks. Still, he calls himself a conservative, reflecting the heartland in which he grew up.



Hogeboom says working with Dowhower has been a revelation. The closest he ever got to Landry, he told teammates, was through a megaphone.

asked himself over and over if he wanted to be known as "the guy who bitched his way out of Dallas." And every time the answer was the same: Damn public perception. Wouldn't any other worker do the same?

Hogeboom drops his fork, stares at his cowboy boots, the last remnants of his southwestern sojourn, and laughs. "But I wasn't any worker. I was a Cowboy. And I was behind Danny White. And I was supposed to keep my mouth shut until it was my turn. That's the way Danny did it with Roger. And that's the way you're supposed to do it in Dallas."

It is not difficult to understand why Hogeboom's Cowboy teammates rue the day he was traded. "I'm sad to see him go," said Everson Walls at the time, "because I know we'll need him later on in the year. He's been my favorite."

"When he started in 1984, he wasn't working with a real good mix of talent," said Tony Dorsett. "We had injuries on our line and elsewhere, and he didn't have the boys to throw the ball to. I'm a firm believer that Gary has the talent, the mental attitude and the desire to be a success. I really feel he'll be a top-notch quarterback in the NFL."

And finally, Doug Cosbie attempted to put the Dallas quarterback controversy into perspective. "Gary had a chance. But it's hard to say if it was a fair chance," said the tight end. "When you make a decision to replace someone with a younger player and you don't let them perform the whole season, I don't know if you can call it a fair chance. For me, for a quarterback to get a fair chance, he would have to be a starter for two or three years so he can develop into that role. It might have been a situation where he tried to force Coach Landry before he was ready to give it to him. I'm sure in Coach Landry's mind Danny will be the starter until he retires."

"Once again, no regrets," says Hogeboom when asked about his aborted starting season. "I can't say if I got a fair shot or not. I don't think that I was so bad a quarterback that after 10 games I should have been just washed aside. But that's all past."

And the Colts are the present. Second-year coach Rod Dowhower, who studied under Don Coryell, Dick Vermeil and Bill Walsh, and turned Neil Lomax-to-Roy Green loose on the league, conducted a workout with Hogeboom before trading for him. He liked what he saw. The gun. The poise. The smarts.

"I LIKE TO THROW LONG," SAYS Gary Hogeboom. "But I haven't done it in six years."

Linebacker Johnnie Cooks and center Ray Donaldson are dragging themselves to the sideline of the Colts' training facility in Indianapolis. On the field, Hogeboom drops to pass. Tight end Tim Sherwin is running a post pattern, and he is 50 yards downfield with a defensive back glued to his butt before Hogeboom releases the ball. Ten yards later the bomb sails over the outstretched hand of the defender and drops gently into Sherwin's grasp. Cooks looks at Donaldson.

"That long ball, that's what we've been missing," Donaldson says later, a long *whoosh* rushing from his mouth. "That and a lot more leadership. I think that's what this kid can give us. I know he hasn't played much, but with Dowhower, well, everybody on the offensive line just looks at what happened to Lomax when Dowhower had him."

What happened to Neil Lomax under Dowhower, who was Cardinal offensive coordinator in 1983 and 1984, was consecutive club records in the quarterback ratings. Lomax remains the league's sixth-highest rated passer ever.



Despite Dowhower's reputation as an offensive genius in the Coryell mold, fellow coaches admire his ability to mold a team. "With Lomax and Green and Ottis Anderson and Stump Mitchell, he

had some resources to be explosive with," says one former division rival. "He didn't have a real complicated passing game. He just beat you with what he had. What really went unnoticed was how he put together that offensive line."

At Indianapolis, Donaldson anchors a line that last season finished third in the league in sacks allowed, with 35, and plowed holes for the league's fifth-best rushing attack, keyed by Randy McMillan (858 yards, 4.5 average) and George Wonsley (716, 5.2). Yet whenever a visitor asks any of the Colts about the effect Hogeboom will have on the moribund passing game—Indianapolis finished twenty-sixth in the league in passing—the conversation inevitably returns to Dowhower's work with Lomax.

"How can it not?" asks linebacker Barry Krauss, at 29, an elder statesman on one of the youngest teams in the league. "He's got a mind like Walsh. For the first time in a long time, since Bert Jones was here, I'm excited about this team. We need a quarterback with an arm, and we need a quarterback who's a leader. From what I've seen, Hogeboom's got both."

One AFC East GM likens the way Dowhower has taken over in Indianapolis to the way Don Shula runs his organization in Miami: "No matter what you read about the owner, it's Dowhower who's in control. He cut [LB Vernon Maxwell and RB Curtis Dickey] because they were bad apples. He doesn't care about money or image. He's built the team the way he wants to build it, and Hogeboom is going to make a difference there."

"The respect he gives us is something we never had," says Krauss, who has played under five head coaches. "I can see it by the way he works with Hogeboom. We were walking off the field together once when Hogeboom first got here, and Gary shook his head and told me working with Dowhower was a revelation. He said the closest he ever got to Landry was through a megaphone."

Many of the Colts believe the team turned a corner during the final four games of last year. Indianapolis split them, losing to Chicago and New England by a touchdown apiece and smoking Tampa Bay and Houston to close out the season. "With Rod, it was 'We got

four games to go, we're building something here.' We trusted him and we went out there and got after people," says one Colt veteran. "With the coaches that were here before, the attitude toward the end of a losing season was 'See you later, amigo. We quit.'"

Dowhower himself is relatively close-mouthed about exactly what Hogeboom will do for the Colts. He prefers, as most coaches do, to talk about his offense as a whole. "Everything depends on our supporting cast," he says. "Hogeboom's got a strong arm. He's got experience. But he'll only be as good as his receivers and his running backs and his offensive

**S**ome guys torched me pretty good after I asked to be traded. Dan Henning in Atlanta. Some anonymous GMs. Buddy Ryan came right out and said I stink."

line will let him be."

"Dowhower's a great technician," Hogeboom says. "Little things I've been working on with him—dropping my hips a little more taking the snap; taking a step to my right to get balance after setting up in the pocket—have already begun to make me a better quarterback. We don't have big-name receivers here. They're in the same boat as me. None of us have proven ourselves. And we all need each other if we're going to do that."

ANOTHER GREAT QUARTERBACK, Marcus Aurelius, once said that a man's life is dyed the color of his imagination. If that also applies to the color of his bookcase, Gary Hogeboom's life is a spectrum of grays. Scattered on the shelves of his den, among the Colts' playbook, Roger Staubach's *Time Enough To Win* and the game ball from the Cowboy-Ram opener of '84, are such pearly tomes as *Essentials in Managerial Finance*, *Real Estate Investment*, *Fundamentals of Financial Accounting* and *How to Buy Stocks*. Pointedly, on the shelf directly above Hogeboom's chair looms *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years*.

Gary Hogeboom is financially com-

fortable. He will receive \$800,000 in salary over the next two seasons and deferred payments of \$300,000 a year between 1994 and 2013. He has his real estate license and owns 15 thoroughbreds, two racing at Louisiana Downs and two more in Detroit. He has a beautiful family, a nice house, and most important, he is home.

"There's no doubt that I haven't reached the place in football where I want to get," he says. "But I would have definitely retired if I hadn't escaped Texas. Specifically, to get where I want to be this season, to where the Colts want to be, I have to finish high in the quarterback ratings. I have to complete a high percentage of my passes. I have to work on getting touchdowns inside the 20."

"Some guys torched me pretty good after I asked to be traded. Dan Henning in Atlanta. A lot of anonymous general managers. Buddy Ryan came right out and said I stink. Those comments are made by people who don't even know what's going on. Mobility was the big one I heard. No mobility. Then how did I rush for 957 yards out of the triple option in college? Do people know that the first year I was in Dallas, in training camp, I dropped back, saw no one open and took off? The whistle blew and Landry called me over. 'You do not run,' he said. 'We pay Tony Dorsett to run. Dallas quarterbacks stay in the pocket and throw the ball.' I heard that more than once."

During his more introspective moments in Dallas, when he shuffled in his mind the teams he would like to go to, the Colts always popped out of the pile. And before they traded for him, he was called by Bob Irsay, the Colts' owner, and informed that the team still planned on drafting a quarterback, which turned out to be Jack Trudeau of Illinois. "I just want a chance," said Hogeboom.

"I don't think there's any less pressure here than there is on a quarterback in Dallas, or in any NFL city for that matter. If you're losing, your job's on the line. But in Dallas, if you lost a game, it was the end of the world. Here in Indianapolis, I think people are at least able to put football in perspective."

That perspective seems to be what Gary Hogeboom values the most. And from his own perspective, as he heads out back to play some ball with his kids, the rolling prairies of the Midwest have begun to resemble the elysian fields. ★

Bob Drury wrote the AFC Preview in the August SPORT.



# FATHERS AND SONS

In the race for No. 1, Mike Shula and Jim Harbaugh have the best bloodlines.

By Paul Finebaum

**I**T WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT in Miami, and there was no moon. The talk of the town was about a killer hurricane to the west, which had hopscotched for days, threatening the lives of millions of people in the region. So it was understandable that many in South Florida had turned off a rather boring college football game between the Universities of Alabama and Georgia on this Labor Day last year.

In the sprawling Miami Lakes estate where Don Shula lives, the television was about to be turned off as well. Shula was one of the few people in America who had watched the game with any real interest; his son Mike, a junior quarterback at Alabama, had done a nice job on this steamy night in Georgia.

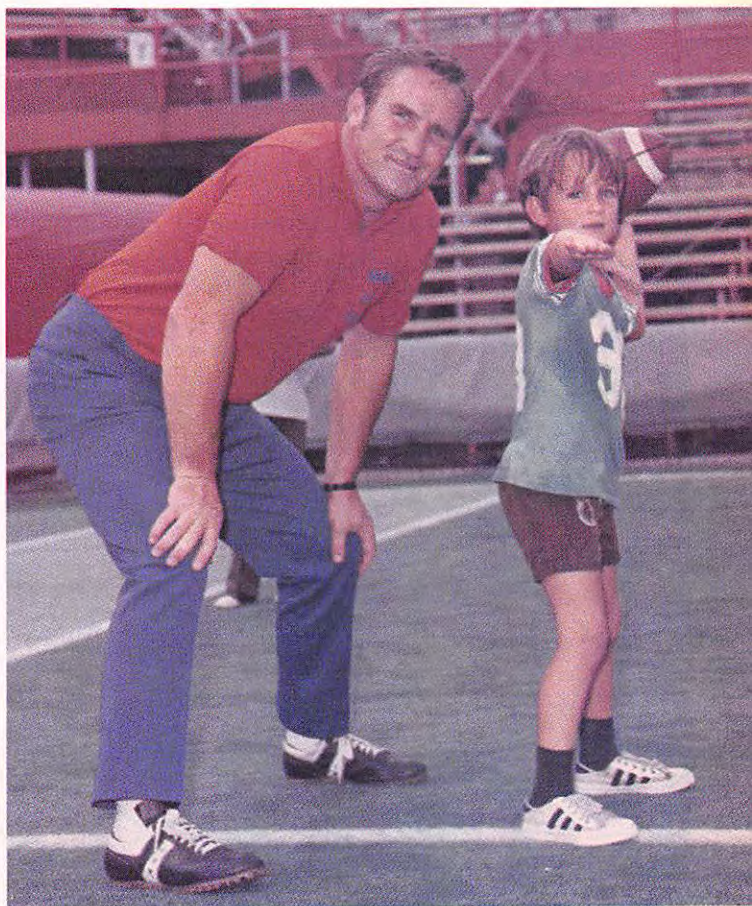
But suddenly with 58 seconds remaining and Alabama leading 13-9, a Georgia lineman blocked an Alabama punt, another player recovered it in the endzone, and Georgia now led, 16-13. Sure victory for Alabama had turned into almost certain defeat. Only 50 seconds were left on the clock, and no timeouts.

In Miami, Don Shula had broken out in a cold sweat. "I was devastated," says the 56-year-old head coach of the Miami Dolphins. "All you could think of was how could they lose the game. I was thinking about my son out there and what he's going through."

But Mike, who grew up playing catch with Johnny Unitas, Bob Griese and Earl Morrall, ran a two-minute offense right out of the Dolphins' playbook. Some 35 seconds and four straight pass completions later, Shula had fired the winning touchdown.

"I just hope my dad stayed up for the whole game," Mike said later in the victorious dressing room.

The old man had indeed stayed up. "I couldn't sleep after that," says the coach, who admits that watching the game was



**Shula pere et fils, circa '71:**  
Growing up around the family business meant playmates named Morrall and Griese.

came out of the stands. He grabbed me and threw me in the car and told me I'd never make it in sports. I just couldn't believe what he said. Here was a guy who had been sports all of his life, and he was telling me that. I decided that I was going to prove to him that I could."

DON SHULA DIDN'T TRY TO STEER Mike to any particular school, even though Don had plenty of friends in the coaching business. Not that it would have helped much; Mike wasn't much of a prospect. Alabama didn't even recruit him his senior year. Bear Bryant was still there, running the wishbone. "Mike knew he couldn't go to a school and be a wishbone quarterback," says Don. "We felt he would be better with a good, pro-style offense." When Ray Perkins took over, he immediately went after the son of the coach he once played for.

"But his being Don Shula's son had nothing to do with it," Perkins says. "Everyone expects coaches' sons to be athletes, but they still have to study, they still have to work. Don Shula is a great coach, but if you were to ask Mike how much time he spent talking to his father about football, I think you'd be very surprised. Mike is a player on my team, not Don Shula's son."

• • •

Several big-name schools went after Jim Harbaugh, even though he didn't rank very high in recruiting surveys. It came down to Michigan, Wisconsin, Arizona, California and Western Michigan, his father's school.

"He came up to Kalamazoo one day," says Jack. "I told him there was nothing I would love more than to have him here. But we had spent seven years at Michigan, and in the final analysis, that was it."

Still, the father says he could have signed his son if he had pushed harder.

"I don't mean to sound bad here, but if I'd said, 'Jim, I want you up here and you could make a difference,' I think he would have come up. We have that kind of relationship."

(In fact, the whole issue of fathers-and-sons recruiting in college football came to a peculiar head last July, when the NCAA prohibited coach Vince Dooley from watching his son Derek play tight end in a Georgia high school football all-star game. According to NCAA rules, coaches are allowed to evaluate players, including those in all-star games, only between August 1 and the end of the high school season. The elder Dooley appealed for an exception to the rule, and

lost. Not that it would have made a difference; Derek will be headed for Virginia this fall.)

Jim Harbaugh admits it was a tough choice to make.

"Had he asked me to go there I would have. He never really came out and said it, but I kind of knew he wanted me to go there. I heard him talking to my mother once. I heard him say he wanted me to go to Michigan and my mom wanted me at Wisconsin. Then, I heard him say he really wanted me to come to Western. But when Bo said he wanted me, that did it."

"I knew I could get him," says Schembechler. "But I wanted to make him feel wanted—not just because of his dad."

"I think it helps to grow up in a coach's household. They understand the other guys better and they know what it takes and what's expected. Frankly, I love to coach other coaches' sons," says Schembechler, whose own kid aspires to be a sportswriter, of all things. "Guys like Jim know they're going to be aggressively coached. They have a better awareness of what's going on."

Despite the family resemblance, young Shula was a nobody to recruiters.

NEITHER SHULA NOR HARBAUGH set the world on fire early in his career. Harbaugh was red-shirted his freshman year and was the No. 3 quarterback in '83. He won the starting job in '84 and got Michigan off to a 3-1 record, then broke his arm against Michigan State and missed the rest of the season.

Things weren't so hot in Tuscaloosa, either. Shula's first year was uneventful, but Alabama fans would just as soon forget his sophomore season. Alabama went 5-6, its worst season in 27 years. After starting the season as the No. 1 quarterback, Shula fell to No. 2 on the depth chart, and lower in Alabama fans' hearts.

But both are coming off strong 1985 seasons. Shula came back last year to compile the fifth-best passing efficiency rating in the country and lead Alabama to a 9-2-1 record and a victory in the Aloha Bowl. Victories against Georgia and Auburn—both come-from-behind wins on national television—gave him the confidence that some people believe will allow Alabama to contend for the national title this season.

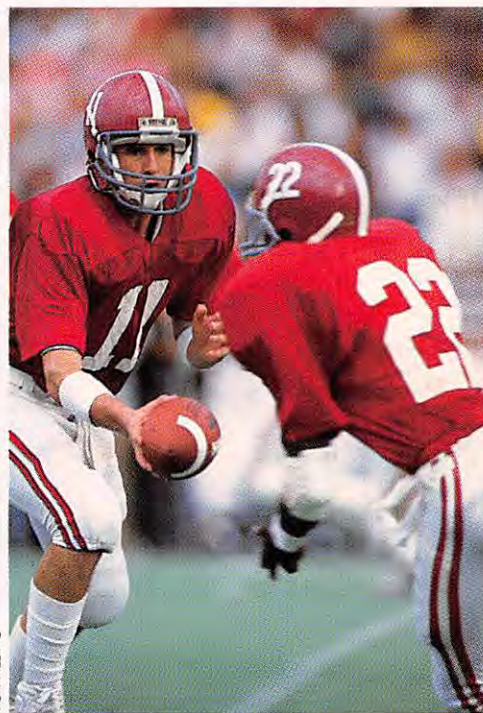
Harbaugh, meanwhile, lead the nation in passing efficiency (the first Big 10 quarterback to do so since 1958) and took

Michigan to a 10-1-1 record and a No. 2 national ranking. The Wolverines are picked by some (like SPORT) as the pre-season No. 1 team in the nation.

Yet the two people closest to their sons' imminent success may have had the least to do with it. Like all fathers, Don Shula and Jack Harbaugh, one supposes, yearn for their sons to ask them questions, to tap into their experience and wisdom. Yet Mike Shula and Jim Harbaugh, like most sons, want to go their own way.

"Mike doesn't ask for specific advice unless there is something he hasn't covered," says Don. "Occasionally I might see something and I'll ask him about it."

Ask Mike about possibly playing pro football for the Dolphins and you trig-



ger that flash of independence: "Shoot, would you want to play for your dad?"

Jack Harbaugh admits that the temptation to talk football with Jim used to bother him a great deal. But one day he visited with Jack Elway, and it all changed.

"He said the kids are going to play for a lot of coaches in high school and college and maybe the pros," Jack Harbaugh remembers. "He said they'll have a lot of coaches—but only one father."

"That's the best advice I've ever had." ★

Paul Finebaum is a sports columnist for the Birmingham Post-Herald.



# CURSE OF THE PATRIOTS

If an AFC title can't lift the hex off this bedeviled franchise, what can?

By Steve Marantz

**T**raining camp for the AFC champion New England Patriots opened peaceably on a hazy afternoon in July. Rookies and free agents checked in at Bryant College in Smithfield, Rhode Island, ate lunch and unpacked. A few veterans arrived early and strolled the pastoral campus.

Not much of the Patriots' 27-year existence has passed quietly, and as the day unfolded it became clear that the pattern was not going to change. The noise level rose sharply when the Patriots announced that veteran tight end Derrick Ramsey had been waived. The move seemed untimely because the team's other tight end, Lin Dawson, was recovering slowly from a torn tendon suffered on the first play from scrimmage in the Super Bowl. Ramsey, an able receiver, and Dawson, a strong blocker, had been an effective platoon.

The Patriots said Ramsey no longer fit into their system, but reporters wondered whether his waiving had anything to do with his alleged role in the biggest NFL story of the year. Wasn't Ramsey believed by management to have leaked to *Boston Globe* reporter Ron Borges the details of drug usage by six players on the Patriots?

One television reporter asked director of player development Dick Steinberg, "Is there any evidence to suggest that Ramsey is being punished for, a) being in [head coach] Raymond Berry's doghouse, or b) for being the possible pipeline to the media with respect to the Super Bowl drug story?"

Steinberg took a deep breath. "I can honestly say no...." It was going to be that kind of season.

FOR ANY OTHER NFL TEAM, IT MIGHT NOT BE THIS way. After all, the underdog Patriots made it to the Super Bowl through a combination of excellent defense, spectacular special-teams play and a winning spirit. Forget about their image as "a fraternity of losers," as former coach Ron Meyer called them; by beating their archrivals from the AFL days, the Raiders and Dolphins, it seemed that, finally, the Patriots could stand tall.

Then came a humiliating 46-10 defeat in the Super Bowl, followed by a series of nightmarish off-season controversies. It all served to remind Patriot-watchers of one of the two constants that Patriots fans have learned to expect: things will inevitably turn sour.

Some think that that particular constant is predicated on the other: namely, there will always be a Sullivan in charge.



Fryar was haunted by a series of fumbles on the field, at home and, thought Berry, with the bookies.

WAS IT ANY WONDER THAT WHEN camp opened, nobody knew what to expect? How would the six players—Irvy Fryar, Stephen Starring, Raymond Clayborn, Tony Collins, Kenneth Sims and Roland James—named as drug users feel? How would the coaching staff feel with a group of new owners—headed by former U.S. Secretary of Transportation Drew Lewis and former Eagles GM Jim Murray—knocking at the door?

And what about quarterbacks Steve Grogan and Tony Eason? Last season the veteran Grogan came back from a severe early-season knee injury, took over the play-calling from Berry, established the running game and led the Patriots to the playoffs. Eason regained the job after another injury to Grogan and, though adequate in the playoffs, was overwhelmed by the Bears' pass-rush in the Super Bowl and had to be lifted in the second quarter. Yet at a meeting in March, Berry named Eason the starting quarterback for 1986. Would their mentor-student relationship continue, or would they eye each other coolly?

The biggest question mark of all was the mercurial Fryar. The wide receiver missed a playoff game because of knife wounds to his hand inflicted by his wife during an argument; he was a figure in the drug bombshell; during the off-season Berry notified the NFL of allegations he'd heard that Fryar was betting on league games last season; then he was sued as a result of a nightclub scuffle, though the suit was later thrown out of court.

Fryar and the others named as drug users weren't talking. Neither was Berry. It was left to Billy Sullivan, the owner and founder, and his sons, Chuck, the executive vice president, and Patrick, the general manager, to try to paint a sunny outlook on matters, a skill they have perfected through years of chaos, conflict and defeat.

THE BOSTON PATRIOTS WERE BORN in 1959 as the eighth franchise of the American Football League. Their first problem was finding a home. Until 1971, the vagabond Patriots played their home games at Boston University, Boston College, Harvard Stadium and Fenway Park. The team finally settled into Schaefer Stadium, though the facility was later renamed Sullivan Stadium partly because the Schaefer Brewery for which it was named went bankrupt.

Under the aegis of Billy Sullivan, the team has always been erratic on the field,

winning when it was expected to lose and losing when it was expected to win. Each time a player emerged as a cornerstone to build the team on—Babe Parilli, Jim Nance, Nick Buoniconti, Joe Kapp, Jim Plunkett—his performance would decline, usually because of injuries, and he would be traded.

Sullivan's treatment of coaches has been equally fickle. Mike Holovak led the Patriots to the AFL championship game in 1966 and was rewarded with a five-year contract and a substantial raise. He was dismissed in 1969. His replacement, Clive Rush, lost his first seven games and was fired a year later. Then came John Mazur, who in 1972 feuded openly with GM Upton Bell over the makeup of the team. The Patriots went 3-11 and both were replaced after the season.

Chuck Fairbanks turned the team around beginning in 1973, then rocked its foundation on the eve of the season-ending game against Miami in 1978, announcing that he would leave following the season to take over at the University of Colorado. Sullivan made Fairbanks watch from the stands as the Patriots lost the AFC divisional playoff game against Houston. Fairbanks' successor, Ron Ehrhardt, was replaced after an up-and-down tenure by the volatile Ron Meyer. Meyer earned his place in NFL history in 1984 by becoming the only head coach to be fired with a winning record at midseason.

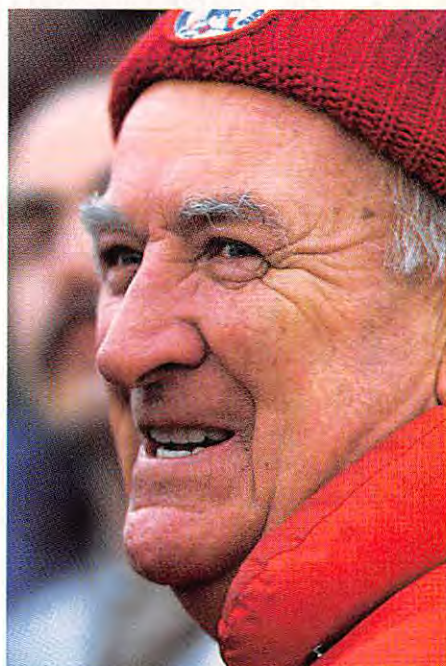
Other teams have suffered similar misfortunes, but the Patriots seem to go to extremes. Early in its existence, one of the team's partners choked to

death on a piece of meat; more recently a fight among the team's stockholders forced Sullivan to buy back enough shares to regain control; the stockholders later sued Sullivan when they discovered the price he quoted—\$15 a share—was far below the stock's worth; and Darryl Stingley, one of the league's finest wide receivers, was left a quadriplegic after a vicious hit in a 1978 exhibition game, the most horrifying injury football fans have ever seen. It's more than bad luck, thought Patriots fans, it's a curse, stemming from the spell of the Sullivans.

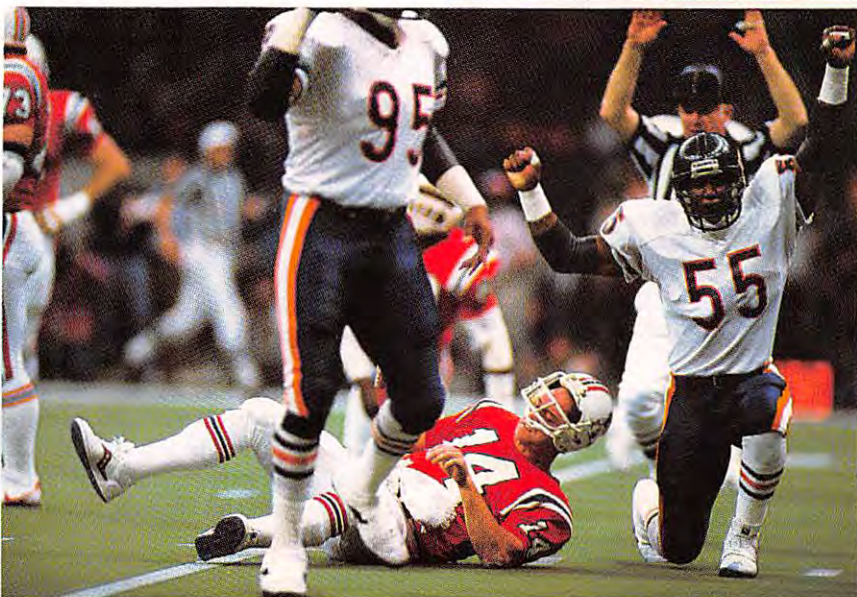
BILLY SULLIVAN, 71, GREW UP IN Lowell, Massachusetts, which at the time was a mill town. His working-class roots prompt him to fight for every dollar he



The Bears took care of Grogan (below) while the lawyers went after Billy Sullivan (right).



ROBERT D. HAGAN



JOHN McDONOUGH

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earns. He lives by the axiom he often repeats: "Don't get mad, get even." Vindictiveness sometimes prevails. Ramsey learned that this year. Leon Gray and Mike Haynes, top-flight players who were traded because of contract disputes, learned it earlier. Lee Sargent found out, too. Sargent, once a board member of the Patriots, failed to wrest control of the team in a takeover bid in the mid-Seventies. He used to run into Sullivan at social gatherings. "When he'd walk by me," recalls Sargent, "he'd say in a loud voice, 'Traitor,' so that everyone in the room could hear."

"The Sullivans," adds agent Howard Slusher, who represented Gray and Haynes, "fight for the sake of fighting."

To many, Billy Sullivan personifies the archetypal Irish politician depicted in Edwin O'Connor's best-selling novel, *The Last Hurrah*. His Honor Frank Skeffington, the fictional mayor of Boston, loosely based on the legendary mayor James Michael Curley, was bombastic, loquacious, clever and sentimental. Skeffington never used three words when a thousand would say the same thing. Similarly, Billy Sullivan has rarely come up for a breath of air since founding the Patriots in 1959.

Patrick Sullivan, who turns 34 in November, is remembered by veteran reporters as a long-haired youth doing odd jobs around the stadium from his late teens into his mid-twenties. Few thought he would rise to the position he now holds. Although Patrick has exhibited his father's tendency to scrap—taunting and later fighting with 6-5, 270-pound defensive end Howie Long of the Raiders after the Patriots' 27-20 win in the divisional playoffs last year—he is by nature more diplomatic than his father.

Patrick Sullivan confirmed the names of the alleged drug users. It may have been that he felt he had to back up his coach. It may also have been that the Sullivans felt the drug issue was serious enough to risk the harmony that developed within the team during the playoffs. Whatever the circumstances were, Patrick talks now as if all the Patriots' problems are behind them.

"There are all kinds of divisions on football teams," he says. "Some guys like steak and others like fish. There are all kinds of cliques in any enterprise, particularly on a football team, where there are so many guys. The job of a coach is to pull all those guys together. Raymond did that last year and I assume he can do it again this year."

Really? How can he lead successfully in this crisis atmosphere? "No question there's going to be additional attention focused on this team. But that's happened in the past. We've had our share of crises and somehow we've kept on keeping on."

"Some people have said that things aren't normal around here unless there's a crisis, and there may be some truth to that. Our players and organization have been through a lot of turmoil; we came through it last year and went to the Super Bowl. Nobody expects us to go back, but we have a core of players who want to prove it was no fluke."

Problems? What problems?

THE PAT SULLIVAN-HOWIE LONG fight was an embarrassing but minor illustration of the Sullivans' confrontational style. More typical of their management history was the decision to make Super Bowl tickets available to season ticketholders for just the first 48 hours after the glorious AFC championship victory in Miami. Many of their loyal fans, who had traveled to Miami to be with their team, could not get to the Sullivan Stadium ticket office in time. Adding insult to injury, the Sullivans never made clear how they disposed of the 1,500 or so Super Bowl tickets not bought by those season ticketholders.

But that was a mere tremor on the Sullivan seismograph. The drug story was a full-scale earthquake, particularly because it came one day after the Super Bowl. The story broke when it did, says reporter Ron Borges, because Patrick Sullivan and Raymond Berry decided to release it then. "Pat and Berry sat down the Monday before the game and decided to announce the drug story the day after. If they had put the announcement off until late April, it would not have had nearly the impact."

Moreover, the story would not have been published, adds Borges, had Patrick Sullivan not confirmed the names. The upshot was that Raymond Clayborn, who, according to a subsequent press release by management, had undergone successful rehabilitation prior to the 1985 campaign and was clean during the season, was so angry at being named a user that he had to be mollified with a four-year contract worth an estimated \$3 million, twice the size of his previous pact. By solving Clayborn's problem, the Sullivans created a new one. Says one agent, "How do you think [linebacker] Steve Nelson feels? He has been the captain of

the defense for several years and he's making half of what Clayborn is." Nelson held out during training camp.

ONE STEP FORWARD, TWO STEPS back. During an off-season in which the Sullivans should have been basking in the glow of an AFC championship, they were busy grappling with a host of legal battles. Here are the lowlights:

- The team's financial problems were underscored when Chuck Sullivan tried to arrange a loan for the team through a con man posing as an official of the Teamsters union. Commissioner Pete Rozelle ordered an investigation into the aborted loan (and into the team's drug use);
- The stockholders' suit first brought against the Sullivans in 1977 was upheld in court, costing them at least \$2.6 million;
- The *Los Angeles Times* sued Chuck Sullivan for \$199,000, stemming from advertising provided him during his 1984 promotion of the Michael Jackson Victory Tour (some victory) that threw the team into a deeper financial hole.

The Sullivans seemed to reach an agreement in May to sell their leaseholds on Foxboro Raceway and Sullivan Stadium and an option on the team to a group headed by Lewis and Murray. But the Sullivans asked for two extensions on the deal. Why? It is suggested by Sullivan watchers that they were maneuvering to stall the banks from collection on large debts until September, when each NFL team receives an \$8-million payment based on the league's television contracts.

RAYMOND BERRY, THE QUIET, SPIRITUAL Texan, achieved something of a guru status in the weeks leading to the Super Bowl. He watched over the team with a ministerial air while allowing his assistants to make the hands-on tactical decisions. His players celebrated his leadership and attributed their success to a unity of purpose he inspired.

But when Berry called a team meeting in March, only two of the players named as drug users showed up. At the meeting, Berry told the players he had not confirmed any of the names, that Patrick Sullivan had. He suggested the players be cautious in their dealings with the press in general and with Borges in particular. By this time, Berry and Sullivan asked the *Globe's* editors to remove Borges from the Patriots' beat, but the newspaper refused. When camp began, Borges was being given the silent treatment by the players.

"A year ago the players had a tremen-

dous belief in Berry," says Borges. "Now they're not so sure. First he tells them he never confirmed the names of the users, when he should have flat-out told them, 'I'll never lie for you.' Then he turns in one of his players [Fryar] for gambling on the basis of uncorroborated information. What are they supposed to think?"

Patrick Sullivan says that a new five-year contract given to Berry signifies his importance to the organization. "He provides the incentive to play well and the motivation."

BERRY, LIKE THE SULLIVANS, accentuates the positive when it comes to his team's fortunes for the 1986 season. He views the Grogan/Eason situation as a good problem to have. One player sees it differently. "We wouldn't have gotten to the Super Bowl without Grogan," says a Patriot requesting anonymity. "What did it get him?"

Can Fryar leave his distractions behind and blossom into the game-breaking receiver the Patriots had envisioned when they made him their No. 1 draft choice in 1984? "I'm not concerned that Irving is going to hang his head," says Patrick. "He's shown mental toughness. I don't

think the fans think Irving is an angel. On the other hand, when they see him get out and they indicate how they feel about him, he'll be okay."

One area that can't be glossed over is the retirement last June of all-pro guard John Hannah. Not only was he considered one of the best offensive linemen ever to play the game, but his role as a clubhouse leader and stabilizing influence will be difficult to fill, especially on a team with so many distractions and divisions. Until someone else comes forward, Berry will have to take charge.

THE PATRIOTS WILL NEED ALL THE motivation they can muster this season. The players gamely try to cast themselves as the underdogs once more, but the prevailing mood seems to be of a team holding its breath, waiting for the sale and whatever adventures that might bring.

The prospective owners say that Patrick Sullivan would be retained as general manager; whatever happens, Sullivan blood will remain in the Patriots' veins.

Problems? What problems? ★

*Steve Marantz is a city reporter for the Boston Globe.*

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# SEVEN FIGHTS WE'D PAY TO SEE

**A miracle cure for the boxing blues**

THE OLD WAY TO INCITE A RIOT WAS TO CRY "Fire!" in a crowded theater. The new way may be to scream "Hey, Champ!" in a crowded boxing gym. The self-perpetuating "international governing bodies" of boxing have multiplied like Arizona jackrabbits, and so have weight classes, rankings and world titles.

Marvelous Marvin Hagler, the declining but still fearsome middleweight, is one of only two consensus, universally acknowledged, "undisputed" world champions. The other is the nonpareil welterweight, Donald Curry. They stand bright and solid in the gloom of modern boxing. Both are recognized by the World Boxing Council of Mexico, the World Boxing Association of Panama and the fledgling International Boxing Federation of Newark. Michael Spinks is also widely known after two championship fights against the once-dominant Larry Holmes,

but he remains only one-third (IBF) official as heavyweight champion of the world.

Whatever happened to the eight classic weight divisions and the same number of champions? Well, you know. The chain outfits plastered and painted them over like a nineteenth century hotel.

Consider that in 1985 South Korea alone was host to 20 world championship fights, giving just about every Tom, Park and Kim a title shot. Overall last year, the IBF sanctioned (for a large fee) 33 title bouts. The rival WBC sanctioned 26, while the WBA limited itself to just 22. That is 81 world championship fights.

Consider that the IBF recognizes 16 weight classes, and that the WBA and WBC recognize 15 each.

Consider that there are now eight world titles recognized in weight divisions between 108 pounds and 135

GERRY COONEY

**VS**

MIKE TYSON

Age: 30  
Height: 6-7  
Weight: 235  
Reach: 81



Age: 20  
Height: 5-11  
Weight: 217  
Reach: 70



by Michael Marley

pounds (the lightweight limit). Wait until Caesars Palace hears about those charming mini-mini *mosca* (Spanish for fly-weight) titles.

"I think it's lousy," says Angelo Dundee, boxing's most celebrated trainer. "It's ruinous. We need that fan identity. You got too many controlling bodies. If it takes Federal control, then so be it. We need the heroes. We need

champions who the average guy, the guy walking the street, can recognize. We have lost that."

We're not the Feds, but we're here to help. There lies a sturdy and interesting sport beneath the plaster, with legitimate distinctions of weight and powerful, well-matched contenders. We have attempted to draw the outline of that sport as it might appear if things were not as they are likely to stay.

What follows is a simplified guide to boxing—what the best fights would be among nine natural weight divisions, let the promoters, packagers and "world bodies" be damned. That is, in a perfect world.

To help us imagine and judge these fights, we have enlisted two wise men who trained many of the best fighters of the last half century: Dundee and Eddie Futch. They are our Siskel and Ebert.

And we have taken certain liberties with boxing's classic structure. Following the lead of international amateur and Olympic boxing, we label all fighters between 176 pounds and 200 pounds "heavyweights." Above 201 pounds, they are "super heavyweights."

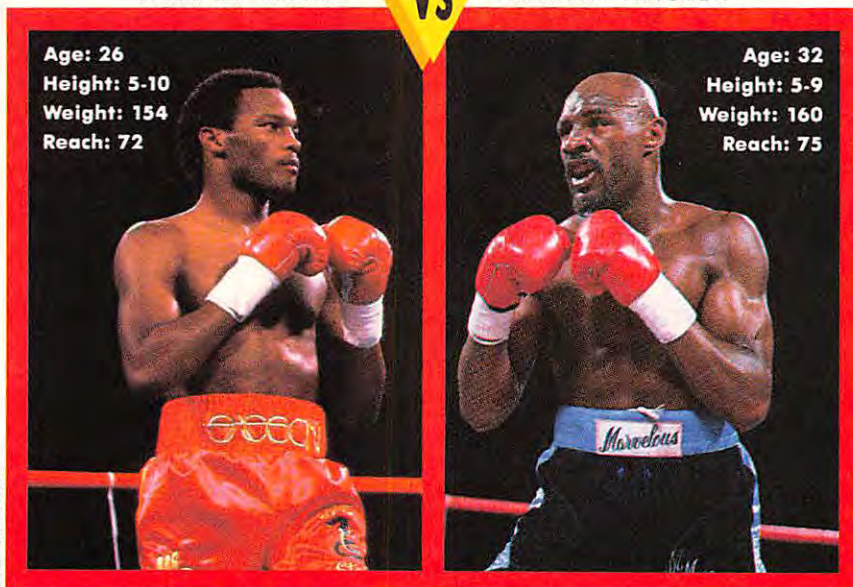
"The top heavyweights of today go 220," Futch says. "It's not like when Joe Louis was 196 or Marciano might be 185. There should be a distinction made between the small fellows and the big ones."

So that is where we'll start, with the best of the biggest fighters.

#### THE SUPER HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION (201 POUNDS AND OVER)

• *Gerry Cooney Vs. Mike Tyson*. This is a fight even matchmakers salivate about. So do other hardened boxing figures who

DONALD CURRY VS MARVIN HAGLER



Age: 26  
Height: 5-10  
Weight: 154  
Reach: 72

Age: 32  
Height: 5-9  
Weight: 160  
Reach: 75

are used to getting into the fights for free. "I'd pay to see that one," says Billy Giles, former manager of Hector (Macho) Camacho. "That is the best fight that can be made in 1987. While it lasts, it's a bloodbath."

Cooney always generates excitement. Tyson is the greatest 20-year-old heavyweight in history.

So what would happen when the opening bell rings? "That's like asking what happened when the planes flew over Hiroshima," says matchmaker Johnny Bos. "You wait for the first bombs to go off. It's simply who lands first."

**Futch:** "There are a lot of factors at work here. Cooney likes to get his man backed up, to have him in a corner. I don't know whether he can put Tyson in a corner. Cooney has a great left hook to the body and head. It's power vs. power. But Tyson will be hard to hit with that semi-crouch he uses. Also, there is the inactivity factor with Cooney."

"It's a toss-up, really. I give Cooney credit for his win over Eddie Gregg. Gregg is not that bad. Tyson is fighting often but he has not been in any wars, so that can't hurt him. He takes a couple of softies and then a tough one. He doesn't get banged around. Where Cooney's inactivity would show up is after five or six rounds. But Cooney is dangerous from start to finish. Size [Tyson's 5-11 to Cooney's 6-7] doesn't matter because a real puncher overcomes it. Tyson is a real puncher. I'd give a slight edge to Tyson." **SELECTION BY FUTCH: TYSON.**

**Dundee:** "Cooney-Tyson? That's the ultimate. That is bombs-away time. I don't see it going past seven or eight rounds.

gressiveness and emotions? His handlers are doing a great job in keeping him busy. But I like Cooney here." **SELECTION BY DUNDEE: COONEY.**

There is a second potentially great fight in this division, and since identifying great fights is our guiding principle, we'll include this one too.

• *Mike Tyson Vs. Tyrell Biggs*. It's already been labeled by some experts as the Ali-Frazier showdown of the Eighties. But comparisons of Tyson to Frazier are overdone. Tyson leaves exhaust fumes in every ring where he appears but he does not smoke like Papa Joe. Frazier wasted opponents with his trademark left hook and his relentless attack. Tyson can hurt you with an assortment of punches. He has his own style.

But questions about this tiger remain unanswered: 1) Can he handle a smooth boxer like Biggs? 2) What happens when his world is rocked by a good combination? And 3) can he go a solid 12 or 15 rounds if he has to?

As for Biggs, he has proven to be a good student, a quick study, for trainer George Benton. And he showed a fighting heart by hanging in there despite a broken collarbone against hard-punching Jeff Sims. Underestimating Biggs would prove to be a mistake for any contender.

This shapes up as the classic boxer-puncher pairing. Biggs will depend on his jab and lateral movement, while Tyson will come in whaling—not winging, and there is a difference—with a varied body and head attack.

One feature of Tyson's arsenal that the cognoscenti have appreciated is his remarkably fast hands. Rarely do you see a knockout artist with such hand speed.

And I see it as Cooney by KO. Cooney has a left hook and left uppercut the likes of which you have to go back to George Foreman to find. This might resemble Foreman-Frazier in style.

"Sure, rust may be a factor for Cooney. But it's also a mature fellow [Cooney is 30] versus a young fellow. You don't know which way Tyson will go. Can he contain his ag-

**Futch:** "That is a super fight. I think Tyson has the strength and a proven ability to get inside. Biggs has shown tremendous improvement recently. He has become a first-class fighter, a guy I respect. His technical improvement is there. He's got command of all his punches now... a great jab, a good uppercut and the left hook. And he knows *when* as well as how to punch. He's fighting like a good heavyweight has to.

"This kid Tyson showed me a lot against Mitch Green. Green is not a bad fighter, but after the second round against Mike, he was just in there to survive. By the time Tyson and Biggs get together, he'll have all the answers." **SELECTION BY FUTCH: TYSON.**

**Dundee:** "It's an interesting matchup. There's a good contrast in styles. It's total aggression versus a boxer. And it's a little fellow against a tall fellow and that makes for a great fight.

"It will go the route, I think. And it will be up for grabs even late. But Tyson is a busy, busy fighter and I see him eking out a decision over Tyrell. I just don't think Tyrell has the firepower to keep Mike off him all the way." **SELECTION BY DUNDEE: TYSON.**

#### THE HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION (176-200 POUNDS)

• **Michael Spinks Vs. Evander Holyfield.** The promotional angle is obvious: the '76 Olympic hero, Spinks, against the young man who got mugged by the officials in Los Angeles in '84. Holyfield emerged as a shining star when he outboxed, outpunched and outconditioned rugged Dwight Muhammad Qawi for the WBA junior heavyweight title over 15 sparkling rounds in July. There were rounds in which Holyfield threw an amazing 87 punches, a number usually posted by 135- and 140-pounders. It was a graduation performance.

**Futch:** "Evander has good punching dynamics. And he has great shape and stamina. I picked Qawi. I told the Atlanta papers Qawi had too much for Holyfield but now I think he's a terrific fighter. He threw lots of punches and, to his further credit, he got hit with good shots, including a body-beating, and he still finished up strong.

"But I can't be objective, really. I've worked with Mike and may do so again. Holyfield proved himself against Qawi.

"Michael's edge is in experience and the fact that he is so, well, awkwardly

clever. He knows the right thing to do in the right circumstance. As things develop, he knows what to do to answer anything you might do. He makes adjustments better than anybody." **NO SELECTION BY FUTCH.**

**Dundee:** "That's an interesting matchup. Holyfield showed he belonged against Qawi. I figured Qawi would do a number on him. But the kid took all the shots. He had all the answers.

"Spinks is tall and awkward and, at that weight, can punch some. It's a tough fight but I gotta like Spinks. Still, I was impressed, impressed period, by Holyfield against Qawi. Here's a guy who struggles in eight rounds and then can go 15 rounds with a guy like Qawi dogging him all the way." **SELECTION BY DUNDEE: SPINKS.**

#### THE LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION (161-175 POUNDS)

No great matchups in the offing at present. The division is filled with nomads who cross over into the slumberland that is the cruiserweight or junior heavyweight (the WBA label) division. There are no Bob Fosters or Michael Spinkses on the horizon.



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## THE MIDDLEWEIGHT DIVISION (155-160 POUNDS)

• *Marvelous Marvin Hagler Vs. Donald Curry.* Constant calls from TV commercial producers and the booking people from Johnny Carson's office make a 32-year-old man (some say he is closer to 35) realize there is life beyond the gym. This fight is unlikely to happen, chiefly due to Hagler's diminishing appetite for fighting and Curry's true weight. He is hovering between 147 and 160. But let's dream a little: the guy who wore the "best pound-for-pound" label against the younger man they attach it to now. Wow! **Futch:** "By the time it goes off, I gotta go with Curry. Curry punches with enough authority to make Hagler respect him. Also, by the time he gets to 160 pounds, he'll be stronger and at the top of his game. Right now, he seems to be getting comfortable at around 154. This one may be a couple of years away."

"That's when Hagler's age, whatever it is, becomes a factor, too. Curry would figure to be at the very height of his ability. So you put it all together, the boxing skills, the punching power and the youth, and I have to go with Curry." SELECTION BY FUTCH: CURRY.

**Dundee:** "I don't know if Hagler will be around long enough to make this one happen. If it does, it's a great fight."

"The whole thing is can Curry handle a southpaw? I think it shapes up as a battle of attrition. I don't think Hagler has slipped much. He is still a great champion. And, going pound for pound, Hagler and Curry look like the two best out there. It's a seesaw fight with possibly as much excitement as Hagler-Hearns offered. But I don't look for that short an ending. I look for it to go eight, nine or 10 rounds." SELECTION BY DUNDEE: HAGLER.

## THE JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHT DIVISION (148-154 POUNDS)

A strong case can be made that the junior middleweight (WBA) or super welterweight (WBC) division belongs with the classic categories. There ought to be a way station be-

tween 147 and 160.

• *Thomas Hearns Vs. John Mugabi.* Some regard this as the best on-paper matchup extant. Mugabi is a boxer and a beast. And his biggest fan now is Hagler. "Why don't Curry and Leonard, and any other guys who say they want me, go through Mugabi?" Hagler asks. "Throw Hearns in there, too. Yeah, let them all go through Mugabi. That's how they can qualify to fight me. Let them try to beat Mugabi."

There are those in the game who think Hearns is superb at dishing out the leather but has a real distaste for receiving it. "If Hearns can hurt you, even with one shot, he can beat you," former welterweight and middleweight champ Emile Griffith says. "But the minute you hurt him, he doesn't like it."

**Futch:** "On the strength of his showing against Hagler and on Hearns' showing against Mark Medal, I like Mugabi. Hearns tries to blow you out in the first three rounds. That's his thing. From that point on, I give Mugabi a good chance of upsetting him. I don't buy this talk about Hearns always hurting his right hand. Last time I saw him, the hand seemed perfectly sound. At least, he shook my hand."

"That's what Hearns has been tagged with. You've gotta survive three or four rounds with him. And Mugabi showed me he was a better boxer than people thought against Hagler. He showed lots of things that people didn't think he had. He just ran out of gas against Hagler but he waged a terrific fight until then. I'd give him the call over Tommy." SELECTION BY FUTCH: MUGABI.

**Dundee:** "It is a great matchup and it's

another battle of attrition. When Hearns is right, he is magnificent. They won't have to go looking for each other. Come to think of it, it's *the* match of the next year. Hearns will take some shots but, in the end, he wins. By knockout." SELECTION BY DUNDEE: HEARNS.

## THE WELTERWEIGHT DIVISION (136-147 POUNDS)

• *Donald Curry Vs. Mark Breland.* Curry is simply good enough to figure in more than one division and more than one great fight. This one is a fight-buff's dream. Breland has been slowly nurtured by his handlers and he shows signs of refinement in his natural skills. The general view is that, while both guys can put people's lights out, Curry can do it with both hands, Breland only with that sling-shot right. But Breland will improve. This obviously can become box-office and TV-ratings magic.

**Futch:** "Curry is the most complete fighter I see around today. He's a boxer-puncher who does it all. Breland has all those qualities but he lacks the experience against the kind of guys Curry has licked. Curry has had the better opposition."

"I see this as more of a boxing match. I don't think you would see Breland get into a slugging contest with Curry. He wouldn't want to have a punchout. He'd be more inclined to box all the way and look for the decision. But Curry is very cute. Breland's best way to go would be strictly boxing." SELECTION BY FUTCH: CURRY.

**Dundee:** "At 147 pounds, I think Curry is the best fistfighter there is. Curry takes his opponents apart in 1-2-3 fashion. Like

he did with Milton McCrory. Breland hasn't reached that level. Beating John Munduga was not an outstanding win for Breland. The jury is still out on him." SELECTION BY DUNDEE: CURRY.

## THE LIGHTWEIGHT DIVISION (127-135 POUNDS)

• *Hector Camacho vs. Livingstone Bramble.* Salsa vs. Rasta. *Flashdance* vs. *The Harder They Come*. It's the

LIVINGSTONE BRAMBLE

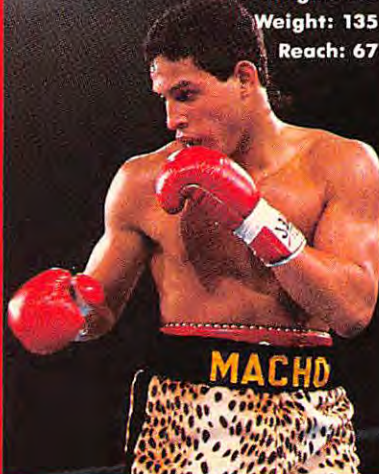
VS

HECTOR CAMACHO

Age: 26  
Height: 5-8  
Weight: 135  
Reach: 74



Age: 24  
Height: 5-6  
Weight: 135  
Reach: 67



Third-World Throwdown. Aw, who needs the hype? This bout will be between two rappers and the prefight hoopla figures to be a laugh a minute. But it is their respective boxing styles that will make this one worth waiting for.

"Camacho should leave Bramble alone for a while," Emile Griffith says. "His style works to Bramble's advantage. People underestimate Bramble but he is a damned good fighter. Forget the snake and 'Pit Bull' stuff. People think he plays and doesn't work. That's a lie." **Futch:** "This fellow Bramble showed me some things against Tyrone Crawley. He is a very good fighter. He can punch and he keeps the pressure on you all the time. I like him over Camacho. Camacho can be very elusive but Bramble digs to your body. He makes your legs start to go. If he is able to stifle Camacho's ability to move, I think he could breeze on in there.

"Against Edwin Rosario, Camacho showed some flaws. If Rosario had a good left hook, he could have won. Distance is a factor, 12 or 15 rounds. Camacho has an edge if it's 12, but I see Bramble finishing stronger over 15." **SELECTION BY FUTCH: BRAMBLE.**

**Dundee:** "That's an exciting fight. Bramble puts tremendous pressure on you and he can handle a guy with movement. Bramble can switch up [lefthanded to righthanded], he can back-and-forth. And he's a limit fighter who can go a strong 15 rounds. It's a rough, tough fight. Camacho will want to go bang, bang and then move on him.

"I give a shade, just a shade to Bramble. He is especially physically strong for that weight. He's got strength, balance, the works." **SELECTION BY DUNDEE: BRAMBLE.**

#### THE FEATHERWEIGHT DIVISION (119-126 POUNDS) AND BANTAMWEIGHT DIVISION (113-118 POUNDS)

Below 135 pounds, the view is not panoramic. *Barry McGuigan* against *Azumah Nelson*, for all the featherweight marbles, would have been a super fight of interest from Las Vegas to Accra to Dublin but then McGuigan wilted in the Nevada heat against lightly regarded Stevie Cruz.

Besides those two, there isn't much. Except for those battling mini-mini moscas. ★

*Michael Marley is a former producer for ABC Sportsbeat.*

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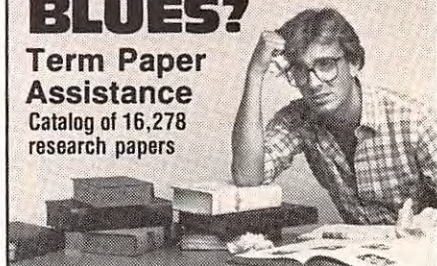
according to his or her number at left, and send your entry to SPORT 40th ANNIVERSARY CONTEST, 119 West Fortieth Street, New York, New York 10018.

### SPORT QUIZ

*Answers from page 107.* 1—d. 2—Don Shula (Dolphins), Chuck Knox (Seahawks) and John Robinson (Rams). 3—c (1959) 4—Mike Rozier (1983) and Marcus Allen (1981). 5—c. 6—b. 7—Willi Plett. 8—d. 9—Ty Cobb (2,245). 10—The Cincinnati Reds. 11—Delvin Williams (Dolphins) and Terrell Middleton (Packers). 12—In 1980 the Astros played the Dodgers. *Answer to last month's Stumper* (I share the National League record for my six hits in a 14-inning game. I also played for nine different major league teams in my 17-year career, during which I became famous for taking myself out of the lineup with inventive excuses. I once told my manager I was unable to play because of "crickets," and on another occasion I claimed my eyelid was stuck open. Who am I?): Jose Cardenal.

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# WHAT DO YOU THINK OF DAVE WINFIELD?

MAYBE THIS IS NOT THE BEST TIME TO APPROACH Dave Winfield about a magazine story. The man is going through what he calls a "period of adjustment," a slump to you and me. Lately manager Lou Piniella has been sitting him down against right-handers, although, because this is the Yankees, no one really believes it is Piniella's idea.

Fearsome hitter.  
Acrobatic outfielder.  
Rich. Single.  
And the Yankees'  
leading man.  
So what's missing?

On a Friday night after the All-Star Game, I go out early to the stadium, hoping to have a word with Winfield after batting practice, let him know I'm not some vulture out to rip his guts. I follow him into the clubhouse, showing my pad and my tape recorder, up front all the way. "You're the last thing I need right now" is the first thing he says to me.

I try to reassure him, tell him I don't care what the tabloids are doing. I'm here to write about his career, the big picture.

Winfield isn't buying. "Just give me your phone numbers," he says. "I don't feel like getting away from the game right now. I'm putting 100 percent of my effort into baseball. That's all I'm doing."

So I say, "Fine, let's talk about baseball."

"I don't want to talk about anything," he says. "Do you understand?"

I'm beginning to, but he hasn't walked away from me yet and so I'm still standing here. For a moment or two, neither of us says anything. Winfield sits down in the chair in front of his locker and stretches out his long, pinstriped legs. "You know," he says finally. "There's two magazines that have done some coverage of me recently. You should read them. *MBM* and *Ebony* Man."

I saw *Ebony* Man. His picture is on the cover.

"I'm on the cover of *MBM*, too," Winfield says.

BY DAVID WHITFORD

"I've done some interesting things. I'm *doing* some interesting things. I've been to interesting places."

I'm taking it down. I stare hard at my tape machine, trying to make out whether the spools are turning. And then, suddenly, Winfield is off on his own, talking a streak for anybody to hear. "But the key," he is saying, "what will catch people's attention is, what is Steinbrenner doing? Ask any player around. Ask them if I'm a good person. Ask them if I'm a clubhouse lawyer. Ask them if I'm an asshole. Ask them if I don't talk to people. Ask them if I contribute on the field. Ask them if I'm important around here. Ask *them*. Because he"—Winfield rolls his eyes and motions toward the ceiling—"controls the media, people's perceptions and their minds. He's number one, the tradition and history are number two, the manager is number three and the players are number four. If I think about it, I can't remember a single time he said anything good about me. If he did it was on the tail end of something bad: 'He ain't shit, he's Mr. May, he ain't clutch, I'm gonna trade him, he stinks—but he's a good athlete.' Ask any player here, ask them if they have fun coming to the park. And if that's on"—Winfield points to my tape recorder—"that's fine."

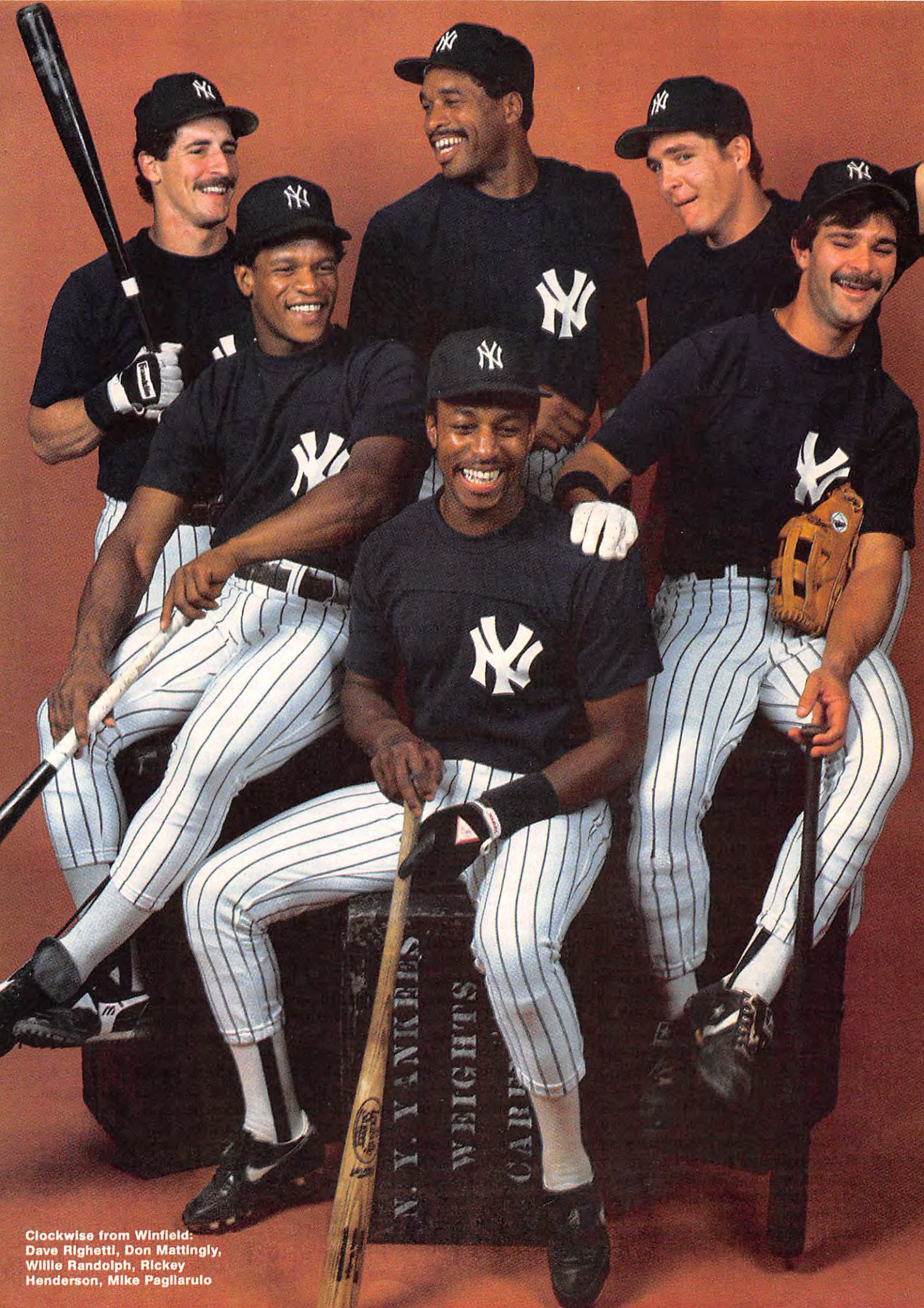
It is (thank God).

"Okay. I'm not attacking anybody. I don't like negative things. If anybody's negative, I don't like them." Winfield knows this is a contradiction. He laughs, a too-loud noise like a car honking. "Haaa!"

Winfield picks up one of his big, black bats, Louisville Slugger model W273, 35-and-a-half inches, 34 ounces. He flips it in the air and catches the barrel, flips it again and catches the handle. "So you want to do a story about my career," he says. "*My career*. I only been two places. Haven't been traded. No minor leagues. What other significance?" He's sitting back, flipping his bat. "Broke the money doors open." And...?

Now Winfield's teeth are flashing. His eyes are dancing. "I'm a nice guy. Haaa!"

AFTER THEY CLOSE THE CLUBHOUSE, I GO upstairs to the press box to watch the game. Harvey Greene, the Yankees' media relations director, is there. How did it go with Dave? No, Mr. Steinbrenner



Clockwise from Winfield:  
Dave Righetti, Don Mattingly,  
Willie Randolph, Rickey  
Henderson, Mike Pagliarulo



WILLIAM HART/FOCUS WEST



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**Winfield on Winfield: "Damn good looking. And educated" ... "Write about me, I'm the best" ... "People wonder what I'm trying to do. Rockefeller had a foundation. Did they question his motives?"**

doesn't want to talk to me, but he'll ask again. Harvey, as is his nature, is being a nice guy. Two restrictions, though: Dave doesn't want to spend any time outside the ballpark on this story and no way is he going to take time out to pose for a photograph.

The Yankees win, 8-4. Afterward I go downstairs to see if Dave has anything to say. This time there is no awkward beginning. He seems positively relieved to see me. "One thing," he says, after I turn on my tape recorder. "That comment—he's number one and all that stuff—that's what the clubhouse is talking about. So, uh, that wasn't a direct quote coming from me. It didn't begin here."

IN 1980, AFTER PLAYING EIGHT years for a losing team in a small city, Winfield left the San Diego Padres and signed a 10-year, \$13-million contract with the New York Yankees. "I want to win," he told columnist Dave Anderson of *The New York Times*. "With the Yankees it would be a different sensation

every time I show up at the ballpark. I got a chance to win."

Winfield arrived in New York under tremendous pressure. It was near the end of the Reggie Jackson era. The Yankees were aging champions, due to be retooled, and Steinbrenner was searching for a new hero. "Winfield will be a Hall of Famer with us," Steinbrenner promised, and Winfield didn't flinch. "Write about me, I'm the best," he told the New York newspapermen. "Damn good looking," is the way he once described himself. "And educated. And real talented."

Winfield was already an established all-star, a line-drive hitter with power and speed and a shotgun arm. In New York, it was assumed, he would blossom into the superstar he had always believed himself to be. Yet somehow, something that was expected—stardom—has eluded him.

On the field, Winfield put up admirable numbers. Over five years in the Bronx he has won four Gold Gloves, four Silver Slugger awards, knocked in 100 runs in each of the past four seasons. His total runs produced, 823 (RBIs plus runs scored minus HRs), over the same period is second in the American League.

If Winfield has failed Steinbrenner and the Yankees, it is for some other reason. Maybe it has something to do with the way he carries himself. For a man whose friends describe him as a loner, even shy,

Winfield makes a valiant effort in the spotlight. Too valiant. And too much of an effort. Reggie's star shined outward, and lit up everyone around him. Winfield's star seems to burn inside. Watching him being watched is almost uncomfortable, like watching a figure skater, waiting for the fall.

SATURDAY IS OLD TIMERS' DAY AT Yankee Stadium. Mickey Mantle is here and Joe DiMaggio, two of Winfield's predecessors in the role of the Yankees' leading man. I ask DiMaggio if maybe he has some sympathy for Winfield, having been through it himself. "I don't see why you should sympathize," DiMaggio says. "After all, this is what we do in this game, we strive for perfection. If we don't want to live with all the success we have, why are we playing so hard? If we want sympathy we shouldn't play. Is he looking for sympathy?"

IT HAS BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE I last saw Winfield. As soon as I walk into the clubhouse on Sunday, he's got something to say. He's been thinking about posing for a picture after all. "You know what would be best?" he says. "A picture of me and the guys horsing around. I believe they appreciate me and like me and want me around. The public should have a perception—not a perception, it's

# SPORTS FILE



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a fact—that we do get along. I don't mind being around them. I like them."

Dave Winfield probably thought of this idea because he knows he has a reputation for not really being one of the guys. And he isn't. Not many ballplayers have spent the off-season traveling in the Grand Atlas mountains of Morocco. Not many have homes filled with folk art from around the world, or own an art gallery, or have worked in the *shmate* business in Los Angeles. Some may run their own businesses, but how many have their own foundation? And yet he has this idea for a picture.

"You know," he says. "Focus in on me but somehow get all the important guys, too. That's the way I'd like to depict my situation in New York. Not as a loner. When they say I'm a loner, that's not the case. I got the best jokes on the team. Ask them who throws the best party."

Okay. Monday, after batting practice, I sit in the dugout with Willie Randolph, the veteran second baseman who is closer than any other teammate to Winfield. "We talk a lot," says Randolph. "Yeah, we're friends."

I tell him that Dave Winfield said he tells the best jokes on the team. Randolph cracks up. Apparently that is the best Dave Winfield joke he has heard.

"Most of them are corny," Randolph says. "He's sitting there laughing. No one else is, but he's cracking up. Then he'll finish and he'll want you to go, 'Ohhh, yeah!' and you'll go, 'Dave, c'mon. That was pretty lame.'"

And the best parties? Randolph looks at me sideways. "No, man. Last time he threw one in Detroit he had all this junk stuff. Instead of real liquor, he had Mohawk, you know. Stuff like that. We said, 'Dave, we spent all this kangaroo-court money and you give us this second-hand stuff. Where's the rest of the money?' Then we went to one of those parties at his house and we were expecting ribs and chicken and roast beef. He had bagels and lox, man, and cream cheese and gefilte fish. I said, 'What are you doing, man?' After that we said, 'No more parties.'"

"DID YOU SEE THIS?" WINFIELD asks me after the game Monday night. It is a newspaper clipping torn from the *New York Post*, the results of a poll asking Yankees fans if they would approve of a trade of Dave Winfield to the Cardinals even up for Ozzie Smith. As a 10-and-5 man, Winfield can veto any trade and he sure as hell has no inten-

tion of switching leagues to play on artificial turf for a losing team. It's just a rumor. Anyway, the readers oppose the trade, 6,224 to 2,473. Winfield thinks maybe I could use it in the story.

"One other thing you should look at," he says. "Game-winning hits. Take a five-year total, compare Reggie and myself, 'cause they always do here. That's something you can check. It might be significant, might not be."

It is, of course. Winfield's five-year total is 77, 33 more than Jackson's. Since 1980, when game-winning RBIs became an official statistic, Winfield has 87, the third-highest total in the major leagues.

BECAUSE I NEED TO SEE DAVE AWAY from the Yankees, and for no other reason, today I am at a midtown press conference to introduce, with all inappropriate fanfare, an "exciting new product": the baseball bat toothbrush.

"The difference is in the shape," says Dale Zucker, a lawyer from Cleveland who together with a dentist from Cleveland is responsible for this. "It's probably the first toothbrush in the history of toothbrushes that is actually shaped to a theme. You can get the conventional toothbrushes that have decals on them, like a Miss Piggy or a Snoopy. Our toothbrush is actually shaped to a theme. It's a very difficult thing to design."

"If you keep the roundness up toward the top end, it would be too big and too improper to use," says Dr. Stuart Duchon, the dentist who ultimately solved this problem. "So we were able to shave down the side and make it usable."

The lawyer has got hold of an actual baseball bat toothbrush and he's holding it up for me to see. "Hopefully," he says, "that looks exactly like a baseball bat."

The PR man pulls me aside and says, *sotto voce*, "Their interest is in kids brushing more often. They're not interested in making that much money."

David Winfield is here on behalf of himself ("I'm a spokesperson for the company. Without going into details, you know, they take care of me") and as president of The David M. Winfield Foundation, which will provide free checkups and baseball bat toothbrushes to kids in major league cities. Winfield started his foundation in 1977. In 1981, George Steinbrenner agreed to contribute \$3 million over 10 years as part of Winfield's contract. Besides checkups and medical exams, The Winfield Foundation today funds scholarships in music, the arts and athletics. It helps a lot of kids. It doesn't

hurt Dave Winfield, either.

"People figure, 'What's he trying to do?'" Winfield says. "Is it for his own personal aggrandizement?" That's not the case. Ray Kroc had a foundation. Did they question his motives? Rockefeller, did they question his? Steinbrenner, do they question his? I don't know what they're suggesting. I'm a black ballplayer, I'm not supposed to know how to do it? 'Cause I'm young? Detractors, you have them everywhere. I have more people on my side than against me."

Certainly that includes all the children here today in their Dave Winfield T-shirts.

"You know who I am?"

"DAVE WINFIELD!"

I CATCH UP WITH DAVE LATER IN the clubhouse. He is eating a peach. I ask him how he thought things went this afternoon. "Always got to break free at the end..." he says. Is he apologizing? He looked at me this afternoon when he was leaving. There were still people waiting in line to have their pictures taken, disappointed people. Actually, I had thought he was pretty good about the whole thing. I would have left earlier.

Winfield is not feeling expressive today. I start casting, trying to get him started on something. He is a bachelor, one of the "50 great catches," according to *Mademoiselle* magazine. Does he want to get married someday?

"Uh-huh."

Does he want a family?

"Uh-huh. Yeah. I'll get to that."

Has he ever been close?

"What's close? Going out on a date? Let's just say I haven't done it."

We're not getting very far. I change the subject, ask him about Steinbrenner. Does he think Steinbrenner likes him?

"I don't know. He liked me before I came here. I know he felt I would represent this team well or he wouldn't have gone after me. And he can't be disappointed there. Maybe you'll find out. I don't know what the problem is."

For four days we have been talking before and after games. I'm running out of questions. I tell him again I'd like to spend at least a little time alone with him away from the ballpark. Tomorrow is a day game. What if I meet him at his place and we drive to the game together?

"You don't want to talk too much about my home, do you? Or do you?"

I'd like to see it. You never know.

Winfield thinks for a while. "Turn that off," he says, pointing to my tape record-

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er. And then he takes my pen and writes down his address in my pad. Then he draws a map. Then he gives me his phone number, "In case there's a problem."

EVEN NOW THAT HE IS 34, AND starting to show a little gray, Dave Winfield is generally regarded as the best athlete in baseball. He was drafted in three professional sports: basketball, football and baseball.

But baseball was the game of choice at Oxford playground in the Summit University section of St. Paul, Minnesota. When Dave Winfield was three years old,

his father and mother split up. Dave and his older brother, Steve, were raised by their mother, Arline. Everybody in the neighborhood called her Ma.

Winfield was a pitcher at Minnesota, fastball-slider, threw in the high eighties. At the 1973 College World Series he pitched 17 shutout innings, struckout 29 and was named Most Valuable Player. Less than a week later he was starting in center field for the Padres.

On the diamond, Winfield is a vision in pinstripes. Watching him as he makes his way to the plate, drawn all the way up to his full six feet and six inches, he

seems a species apart from ordinary men. Inside the box he is all movement, arms pumping, fingers waving, weight shifting. He looks like a sailboat turned into the wind, bobbing and flapping, waiting to catch a gust.

Today the Yankees are playing the Rangers. I sit directly behind home plate, next to a scout I know.

"He probably has the worst mechanics of anybody who made the All-Star team," the scout says. "He lunges at the ball. He overswings a lot. That's not to demean Winfield. It's to exaggerate what a great athlete he is; to be able to succeed, and yet have such poor mechanics. Winfield can simply overpower a baseball. He is a pure line-drive power hitter of which there are not many in the game."

With two outs in the first inning and two runs across against righthander Ed Correa, Winfield rips into a hanging curveball and sends it—on a line—over the fence in center field, just left of the 410 marker. Earlier, Don Mattingly lifted a home run to the upper deck in right field—a magnificent blast itself—but Winfield's home run is stunning.

"As far as body control and agility, there's no one like him," says the scout. "He's a very good big league player. I don't like to use the word great, but he has been a very good big league player."

WINFIELD LIVES IN TEANECK, NEW Jersey, a leafy little suburb 15 minutes from the Bronx. I get there early, an hour before I'm expected. The cab driver lets me out down the street. I kill the time reading the paper in a park nearby. This is a nice neighborhood, older houses, no big yards but lots of big trees. I can hear lawn mowers. And lots of crickets.

Dave Winfield's house sits right up on the street. It is more exposed than I expected, a modest English Tudor, two story. His Maserati is parked on the street. All the windows in the house have blinds and all the blinds are drawn.

At 9:00 I ring the doorbell. I hear noises inside. Then the door opens and there he is, in a bathrobe.

While Dave goes upstairs to get dressed, I look around the living room. No lamps, all recessed lighting. There's a pile of forty-fives on the floor by the stereo (Nu Shooz, Pet Shop Boys, The S.O.S. Band). On the coffee table are some jade and ivory figurines—a moose, a whale, an eagle, a bear—and a stack of magazines (*MBM*, *Ebony Man*, the issues with Dave on the cover). On another table are two glass parrots.



Dave comes downstairs wearing green pants, a yellow shirt and white tennis shoes with no socks. He is carrying a red briefcase. We start in the guest room. I notice a giant stuffed sheep. "I got a lot of animals around here," Winfield says. "Animals and plants. They're all fake."

We look in his study. There is a computer and a copy machine and a huge stack of papers on the floor. On the desk is a picture of Dave Winfield at a firing range, posing with a machine gun. He shows me the kitchen. I notice that the sink is filled with dirty glasses. Some of them are stained with lipstick.

"I figured I would have to entertain once in a while, so here it is," Winfield says. We are walking down the basement steps. We come out in an adult rec room: dance floor, bar, another stereo, weight room, sauna. I notice the liquor in the bar; top shelf, all of it.

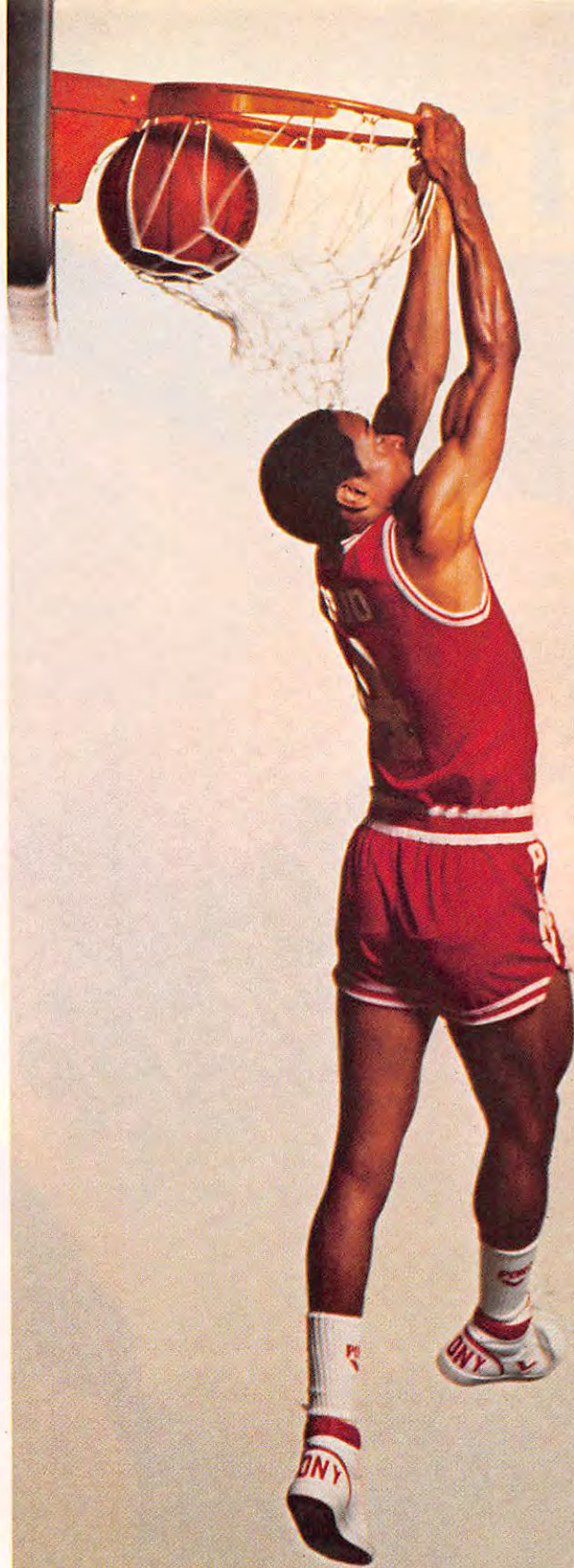
Dave's bedroom is on the second floor. His bed has mirrors over it.

After the house tour, we get in the Maserati. On the way to the ballpark we talk, for the first time almost like friends. Dave brings up a subject on his own, pro wrestling. "Guys from other sports can appreciate what they do," he says. "Even athletes and entertainers have an affinity. They respect each other's occupations." Winfield finds a jazz station, keeps the volume low. "You have to have your own style. I learned that a long time ago. Everybody's good in this game, but the people pay to see who's memorable."

Dave is hungry so we stop at a Burger King. "Don't mention this in the story," he says. Why, I have no idea. "Oh, it doesn't matter." Inside at the counter, waiting for our egg sandwiches, Winfield seems to relax. "How do you guys decide what you're going to write about?" he asks me. And then, "Why do you want to write about me?"

I tell him, "Because you're the most intriguing player on the most glamorous team in baseball." But he's looking for something else. There's a flicker of... what was it, terror in his eyes? He has another question. "What do people think of me?"

Pulling through the tollgate at the George Washington Bridge, Winfield slides back the sun roof. He turns up the sound—way, way up—and plays with the equalizer mounted under the steering column. We are flying across the bridge, steel overhead, the Hudson below. There, to the south, poking through the mist, are the towers of Manhattan. We both feel it, and Dave says it. "New York!" ★



**TO THE HOOP.**

*Spud Webb 5'7"*  
The Dunkmaster™



## GAMES

## QB1: BRINGING THE GAME INTO THE BAR



You'd like to play quarterback in the NFL? Forget it. Terrible things can happen to you. Better you should try QB1, a new electronic game that allows you to match your wits against the quarterbacks and coaches of the NFL. All you need is a quick mind and a nimble finger, and only your pride can get hurt.

QB1, marketed by National Telecommunicator Network (NTN) of Carlsbad, California, is the game that allows you in The Game. While watching a football telecast in your favorite bar, you sit in front of a console that enables you to call plays simply by pushing a button. A red, white and blue cover, divided into 11 squares, lies over the console and provides the game board. You push the square for the play you want, and that decision is registered on a computer behind the TV screen.

You make your call before every play (except for punts and place kicks). If you call the play the offensive team runs, you get points. If you guess wrong, zip.

There are three levels of complexity for the calls; the higher the level, the more points you get for the right call. On the basic level, you can call run or pass. The next level, you call direction—a run to the left, a pass to the right. On the highest level, you guess whether it will be a short play or a long one (more than 10 yards).

The computer at the bar is linked to one at NTN headquarters. After each play, an "official" at Carlsbad pushes a button corresponding to the play that was just run, and that shows up on a TV screen at the bar, alongside the one showing the game. Immediately after that, the scoring screen registers points for that call and cumulative game totals for QB1 players.

Bar owners phone in the top scores from their teams to NTN. Weekly results and "standings" will be published in an ad in *USA Today* and will also be displayed at the bars.

The teams with the highest point

totals during the season will participate in their own "playoffs" during the NFL playoffs. The winners will earn prizes, including paid vacations in Hawaii.

The idea for all this was born when Don Klosterman was general manager of the Houston Oilers in 1967 and Dan Downs was his assistant. "We were trying for some way to get people to interact more with the game," says Downs. Nothing was done at that time, but by 1983, Downs, his brother Patrick and Klosterman, realizing that the technology was available for a sophisticated game, formed NTN.

Coaches Don Shula and Bill Walsh, and former coach Hank Stram were called in as consultants. Among other things, they suggested that a play-action call be incorporated, and they determined what qualified as a "long" pass, for example, or an "up the middle" (between the tackles) run.

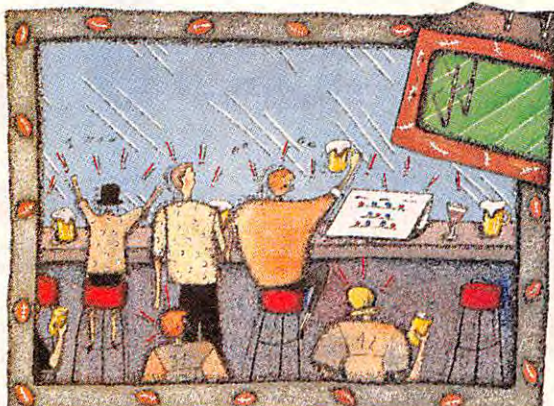
QB1 was test-marketed in a handful of bars last fall. This year, it will be put in approximately 2,000 bars and restaurants around the country. It will be in at least one location in every state. (To find the location nearest you, write: NTN, 2121 Talomar Airport Rd., Suite 305, Carlsbad, California 92008.)

Be warned. This is not an easy game to master. Sitting at home you may think the 30 seconds between plays lasts forever. But it's not quite the same when you are talking to teammates and trying to decide on a call in the pandemonium of a bar. The seconds go zipping by. You welcome the TV timeouts.

I speak from experience. When NTN was demonstrating the game last fall, I played on a team with colleagues from *The San Francisco Chronicle*, for a Monday Night matchup between Miami and New England.

Frankly, I'm not much of a game player, but it's difficult to resist the excitement of trying to guess strategy along with Miami coach Don Shula and New England coach Raymond Berry. At one point, I found myself screaming at the screen because Berry had called three straight runs from the Miami nine, while I was predicting pass. Embarrassing. (But I was right: the Patriots didn't score.)

I learned one other thing: QB1 is so exciting, you tend to lose track of the game. When I got back to the office that night, I couldn't answer when I



was asked the score.

ILLUSTRATION BY SUSAN COHEN

Downs estimates that more than three million people will play QB1 at some time during the '86 season. And when the Super Bowl is played in Pasadena this January, more than 100,000 people are expected to be calling plays on NTN consoles.

That, of course, is approximately the same number as those who will be watching the game at the Rose Bowl. And if Super Bowl XXI is anything like Super Bowl XX, there will be far more excitement in the bars than in the stands.

—Glenn Dickey

## HEALTH

## KNEE REHAB THAT PUSHES THE LIMITS



There are people for whom all the world is bright and strong. It is as if, for them, every clock is set on morning, every gauge reads "Full."

I've lost my faith in the bright eyes of the world. A lot of people have, I suppose. We see one on TV, and part of each of us wants to say, "Great kid. Sparkle. Beautiful teeth. A bright-eyes." Another part waits for something to teach her how hard real life is.

So meeting skier Debbie Armstrong was a shock. Remember Debbie? At Sarajevo '84, out of nowhere comes this kid from the Coast, just 20, and when they give her the giant slalom gold medal she can't stop laughing. Up on the winners' stand, head back, hooting at the rafters. Laughing.

PR types wrote that she "captivated the world with her unabashed exu-

berance on the victory platform." So when she hit the fence at the World Cups in Badgastein, Austria, last winter I was ready, along with every

The knee still needed to be cut wide. Debbie was out for the season. But even the surgery she did her way, on purpose, in charge, watching the cuts

Just four months after major surgery, Debbie Armstrong was back in action.

PAUL J. SUTTON/QUOMO



other cynic that follows sports. Here it comes, I thought. Here comes the night. One breath of a miscalculation at 60 miles an hour and she bounced into the fence netting that was supposed to keep the spectators out of harm's way. Her leg was cockeyed. They flew her back to the States that night for ligament surgery.

I knew this particular territory. Three years ago almost to the day before her fall I had fallen, too, skiing. I had ripped the same two ligaments in my right knee. Six weeks in a cast, a rented wheelchair, leg like a stick afterward, walking like Gumby for months, years later still getting shooting pains when I hike too much. I knew about this. Anger, self-doubt, no willpower, feeling crippled. So I knew what to expect with Debbie—another casualty in a brace. But what I found was that Debbie Armstrong has a different doctor than I do. And something else different, something internal; where I have a smog device, she has an afterburner.

I went to talk to Debbie in San Francisco, in a gym high in the silver building of the Shaklee Corporation, which has poured money and the expertise of its researchers into the sports medicine side of the U.S. Ski Team. She told me the story. They flew her to Lake Tahoe, to the well-known clinic of Dr. Richard Steadman. The surgery would be the next afternoon. Steadman told her to get up and do some shallow knee bends. The idea was both to "pump" the leg with blood, and to see how bad the injury was. After 15 minutes, Steadman left. "Quit when it hurts," he told her.

An hour later he came back. She was still doing knee bends. After three and a half hours of knee bends, the doc told her to quit for dinner.

and the blood and the repair on a little TV monitor, in the recovery room afterward slapping her legs, trying to wake them. ("More than anything," she said, "I hated the feeling of being paralyzed.") Through the whole ordeal she took only one pain pill.

But Steadman and his SPORT (Sports Performance Orthopedic Research and Training) group are made to order for someone like Armstrong. They don't let up. Steadman gave her no cast, just a brace that he could adjust to allow a measured range of motion, and no more. That same day after surgery, Steadman and a therapist started moving her knee, keeping the adhesions from building as it healed.

They gave her an electrical stimulator with little electrodes to make her leg muscles contract. Four hours a day she had to do that, right from the start. The next day, they had her gingerly climbing stairs. By the end of the third day, they had her ride a stationary bike with just her good leg, flexing the bad one in the pool, doing gentle knee bends, then working up to leg curls and extensions.

After five days at Tahoe she went home to a self-motivated regimen of cycling, weight lifting, walking up and down stairs with a backpack full of dumbbells, flexing the leg until she screamed with the pain. ("There's good pain and there's bad pain," she told me. "I was just breaking down the scar tissue.")

She would tie what they call the SPORT Cord, a piece of surgical tubing, from her waist to a post by her side, and jump away from it, sideways, out and back, over and over, as if she were doing a slalom. She would run in place, leaning against the Cord, watching her gait in a mirror, correcting any limp. She would do repeated

sets of shallow knee bends, pulling against the Cord. She was back on the slopes in four months.

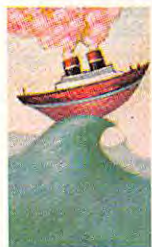
You and I can't get such aggressive treatment from the corner doc-in-the-box. But we can get it. All it takes is a look in the yellow pages, under "sports medicine."

And it takes that unforced fire. Listen, as I did, to Armstrong on the subject of rehabilitation: "I have so much energy it burns like a fireball. This is right down my alley. I like to test my limits. I enjoy the challenge. It's another learning experience."

That's what's shocking about these people. They know how hard life is. And they just don't care.—Joe Flower

## LIVING IT UP

### YOUR TEAM WANTS TO TAKE YOU CRUISING



Jerry Roache used to boo George Foster as loudly as everybody else in Shea Stadium. "I never liked him because he acted like he didn't care about the game," says Roache. But that was before Roache sat with Foster on the deck of a cruise ship, listening to the Mets' leftfielder's jokes and goofing around with him during a softball game on a Barbados beach. "I was really, really shocked at what a remarkably personable guy he was," reports Roache. "Now, I'm the only one in the stands cheering Foster."

That is just the kind of camaraderie the Mets had hoped would develop when they sponsored a postseason cruise last fall, as some 300 fans paid over \$1,000 each to island hop with stars like Foster, Gary Carter, Darryl Strawberry and Keith Hernandez.

The Mets aren't the only pro team to go cruising with their fans. In the past three years, 10 baseball clubs, six hockey teams and four football franchises have started offering their own week-long cruises. And now Cunard Line, along with Hartford Holidays in Long Island, is putting together a baseball Hall of Fame cruise for October, where passengers can watch the World Series, broadcast via satellite, along with such Series alumni as Willie Mays, Brooks Robinson and Ralph Kiner. Cunard is also planning a Heisman Trophy Winner cruise (with Doug Flutie, Jim Plunkett and Mar-

cus Allen) and possibly a Hockey Hall of Fame outing next spring.

What's behind this recent chumminess between sports and cruise ships? There's something for everyone. The cruise companies get a whole passel of new passengers who come to see the athletes. The fans get the full list of luxuries for which people take cruises—namely, all the sun, salt air and food you can take in—plus cocktail parties, softball games, autograph sessions and a chance to shoot the sea breeze with players. As for the players, they and one guest get their week at sea for free. But there is a price to pay: they are held captive by their fans, with few places to escape adoration. "It was hard at the beginning to be up all the time," says Darryl Strawberry. "But I got used to it. I really had a great time. I think it was good that the fans got to really know us. The best part was when I beat this fan in tennis, and she sent a cake over to my table at dinner."

The teams promote the cruises and agree to deliver the players; the cruise line and appointed travel agencies take care of the rest. "This is the only opportunity for the fans to meet the players face to face," says Marilyn Richardson, the sales vice president of Cunard Line, who works with many teams in arranging cruises. "It builds tremendous good will for the clubs and it improves ticket sales."

Increased ticket sales aren't the only financial gain the clubs get out of these expeditions; most teams also get a percentage of the cruise bookings, according to Anne Johnson, a travel agent who works with several teams. In fact, the Chicago Cubs started this whole sports-cruise affair three years ago because they saw money-making potential in cruising.

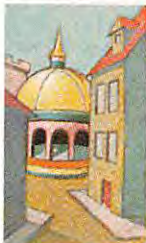
Baseball cruises are more popular than football or hockey outings, Marilyn Richardson says. She hopes

to arrange basketball jaunts as well.

But there's one problem that has to be worked out first, she says. "On some of our ships, the players are just too tall for the rooms."—*Jeannie Ralston*

## PLACES

## THE BEST UNKNOWN SPORTS MUSEUM



There you are, wandering through Notre Dame University's campus library, when you discover a set of glass doors marked Special Collections. You push open the door, board a small elevator and press the only button it has. The elevator



Curator Jethrow Kyles sits with a few of his favorite things.

lurches and you descend, like Alice down the rabbit hole.

When the elevator stops, you are in the library's basement. But this particular basement houses the International Sports and Games Research Collection. With nearly one-half million items, it is the largest general sports collection in the country. Wonderland.

On the shelf over there is a set of golf clubs from the Forties. Over here is a box containing lineman's shoulder pads from 1905. Up there is the White Sox uniform of John J. Evers (as in Tinkers-to-Evers-to-Chance). Upstairs, this might be junk. But not here, not to a sports buff.

Jethrow Kyles, the curator of the collection, has seen his share of sports buffs—and sportswriters, broadcasters, scouts, coaches, athletes, alumni and students. They all stumble down the hole eventually.

Brent Musburger has. So has Howard Cosell. Well, at least they've called. "We're used by the networks when they're looking for color," says Kyles.

Color usually means film. That's

because Kyles has access to more than five million feet of football film. But football is only the beginning, says David Sparks, head of the library's Special Collections division. He plops *The Book of Baseball*, published in 1911, on a desk. He hauls out a box crammed with autographed baseballs—Ruth, DiMaggio, Williams. There's another box full of gloves from the Twenties.

"Down this aisle we have horse racing," says Kyles. "Here's our golf collection. Over here's gambling. There's hockey." He points at a stack of boxes jammed with brochures and programs. "That's all of our Olympic material. And back there's our scrapbook collection. And these shelves hold all our glass photographic plates of boxers from early this century."

It never stops. You wander among the shelves for hours and wonder,

where did all this stuff come from?

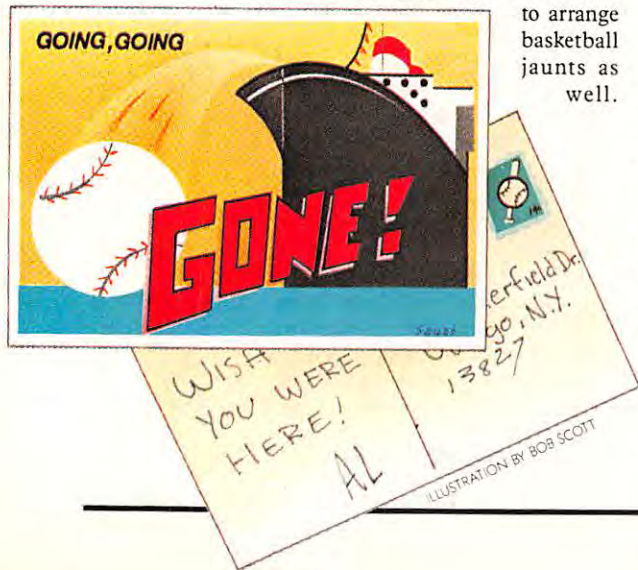
"The collection got started about 1971," says Sparks. "It was put together by some Notre Dame alumni who collected materials from various alumni clubs." It continues to grow as existing collections are bought or donated.

Kyles seems remarkably humble about overseeing this incomparable storehouse of materials. "I get to meet a lot of good people," he says. "We're in a position where we're receiving as much as we're giving."

As if on cue, Kyles leaves to meet with an alumnus, in his eighties, a guy who knew Knute Rockne and was a roommate of George Gipp. Kyles meets him in the room where Rockne's movie camera—the one he used to record his team's games—is on display.

The collection, Kyles tells you when he returns, is open to the public, at no charge, during the library's tour hours. He wants to show you more, but you begin to feel overwhelmed. This is, after all, Wonderland. Unlike Alice, however, you can go back up the rabbit hole any time, and come back later.

—Skip Berry



**1. Which player has never appeared in a league championship or World Series game?**

**2.** Three active NFL head coaches reached the playoffs during their first season with their current teams. Name them.

**3.** On July 6, Bob Horner of the Braves became the first National Leaguer since Mike Schmidt in 1976 to hit four home runs in one game. Who was the last American League player to do so?

- a. Lou Gehrig
- b. Larry Parrish
- c. Rocky Colavito
- d. Frank Robinson

**4.** Only two NCAA Division I-A rushing champions have ever topped 2,000 yards in a single season. Name them.

**5.** Now that Al Arbour has retired after 13 consecutive seasons as head coach of the Islanders, who owns the longest uninterrupted string of seasons behind the bench of his current team (7)?

- a. Michel Bergeron
- b. Bob Johnson
- c. Glen Sather
- d. Bryan Murray

**6.** "We're going to have to do something about all this violence, or people are going to keep on buying tickets to the games." Who said it?

- a. John Ziegler
- b. Conn Smythe
- c. Harold Ballard
- d. Tiger Williams

**7.** Last season, Calgary defenseman Gary Suter became the first member of the Flames since 1977 to win the Calder Trophy as rookie of the year. Who was the last Flame to win it?

**8.** Placekicker Jeff Jaeger of the University of Washington Huskies needs just 17 field goals to break the NCAA career record (79) set last year by John Lee of UCLA. Whose record did Lee break?

- a. Lou Groza
- b. Kevin Butler
- c. Max Zendejas
- d. Luis Zendejas

**9.** On June 28, Davey Lopes of the Chicago Cubs scored career run number 1,000. Who holds the all-time major league mark for runs scored?

**10.** The 1964 Phillies are famous for blowing a six and a half game lead with only 12 games left to play in the season. The Cardinals were the team that overtook them. Name the team that wound up tied with the Phillies for second.

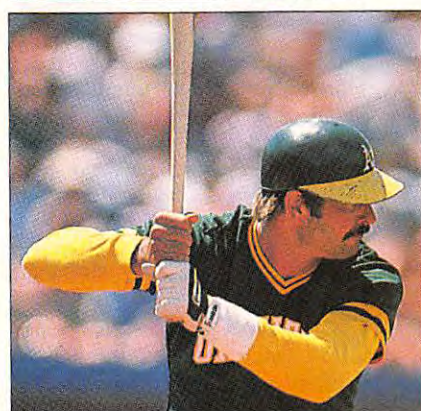
**11.** The Miami Dolphins and the Green Bay Packers have not had a player rush for 1,000 yards in a season since 1978. Name the last player to do so for each club.

**12.** When was the last time two National League teams met to play a one-game postseason playoff? Name the teams.



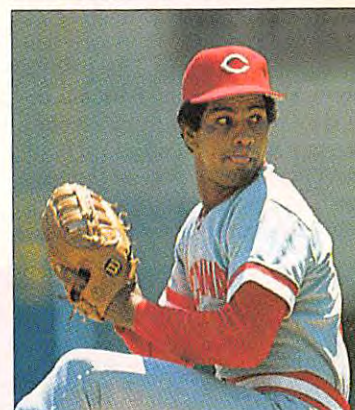
DAVID WALBERG

**a. Nolan Ryan**



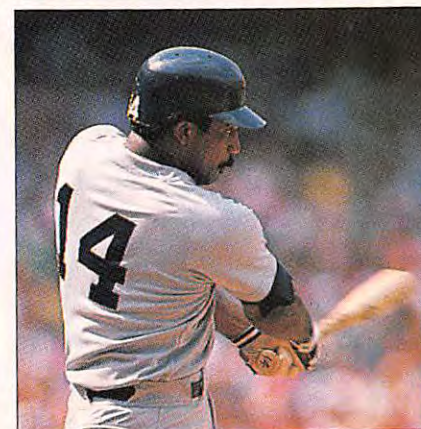
JOHN McDONOUGH

**b. Dave Kingman**



GEORGE GOKOVICH/FOCUS WEST

**c. Mario Soto**



JOHN McDONOUGH

**d. Jim Rice**

## STUMPER

**The NCAA is hoping to bring the kickoff return back to college football this year by having teams kick from their 35-yard line rather than their 40. One conference that hopes the rule change works is the PAC-10, whose teams have not returned a kickoff for a touchdown in over three seasons. Who was the last PAC-10 player to score a TD on a kickoff return, for whom did he play and against whom was he playing?**

Answer the Stumper and win a **MINOLTA MAXXUM**. In case of a tie, we'll draw one winner. The Stumper answer will appear next month; other answers are on page 91. Send postcards only (with T-shirt size) to **SPORT Quiz**, 119 West 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018, by September 19.

## A Coach's Wife Learns the Art of Scrambling

PICTURE A HOTEL LOBBY, ANY hotel lobby. The bar area tumbles into the elevator aisles, stuffed with all shapes of men comingling. Wrapped in smartly tailored sport coats, the group could be mistaken for a law convention or a medical gathering. Self-conscious laughs compete with brash boasts as they chat, each looking in every direction except to the person with whom he is talking. Only the subject matter gives this group away. Everyone is talking X's and O's.

This is the American Football Coaches Association's annual convention. Always hosted by a plush hotel in one of America's finest cities, the four-day gathering is ostensibly a combination professional seminar and unofficial party celebrating the end of the college football season.

The hotel's lobby is the major congregating area, 24 hours a day, but here the reunions, skull sessions and socializing only mask the underlying current that is the real purpose for attendance: Gotta Find A Job.

With the college football season now in full swing, there's little time to think about the future. As any coach's family will confirm, however, once the season ends, the scrambling begins. The first firing of a coach each year precipitates a domino effect. With most assistant coaches' positions dependent on the head coach's tenure, assistants whose bosses get fired begin searching for new bosses. If they cannot find employment by the New Year's Day bowl games, they launch

their last stand at the annual convention.

For years, I had listened to my husband, Ken, tell stories about The Lobby; I laughed but I did not believe. This past January, Ken, currently the running back coach and recruiting coordinator at West Texas State University, invited me to accompany him to the convention in New Orleans' Hilton Riverside. I finally got to experience The Lobby firsthand.

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MUCH LIKE THE ATMOSPHERE OF a racetrack, where the rich share space with the desolate, the mood of the convention fluctuates from secure exuberance to raucous despair. For every Bo Schembechler or Joe Paterno, there are 20 assistants struggling to hang on to their coaching dreams.

I recalled Ken's outlandish stories. The tale of the overzealous assistant who had tackled an esteemed head coach to demonstrate his ability for teaching proper technique. The coach who camped in the hallway outside a major independent coach's door several years ago to secure the first interview for a \$4,000-a-year position.

Another coach, a friend of ours whose customary spot at the bar was usually under it, once sobered up long enough to wander into the Fellowship of Christian Athletes' breakfast. After downing a gallon of orange juice and conquering the use of his legs, he managed to arrange an interview with a highly recognized coach who exemplifies the ideals of the FCA. Ultimately, our friend landed a position on this staff; the next time Ken saw him, this friend blessed Ken and promised to pray for him.

My skepticism about all this was dispelled on our first night in New Orleans. At a social hosted by a sporting goods company, I immediately discovered much more for sale than football helmets. A young assistant stuffed his resume into my husband's fist, initiating a verbal recitation of Ken's personal attributes and those of Ken's boss, head coach Bill Kelly.

Slurping his beer while making his most sincere eye contact, the young coach gushed, "Yeah, I hear Kelly is definitely on his way up. That passing attack can really put points on the board. Boy, what I'd give to be a part of his fine staff. You will give him my resume, won't you?" For the next half hour, I watched him dog three other coaches with similar routines.

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A FEW TRIPS THROUGH THE Lobby corroborated how the hubbub adjusts itself as the newest occupational advancement is announced. Oddsmakers reason that some of the Minnesota coaching staff will travel to Notre Dame with Lou Holtz. Posting themselves at several exits and elevators, keen-eyed coaches form an impromptu posse hunting for new Minnesota coach John Gutekunst's hideout. During the convention, Ed Zubrow is named Penn's new head coach and suddenly Zubrow, formerly an assistant, now a boss, drops out of sight. The lobby buzzards, learning that Zubrow has departed for Philadelphia, race for Western Union to wire their congratulations and the not-so-subtle message: "Hire me."

Every head coach becomes prey as he ambles through The Lobby. Al Groh from Wake Forest affably greets old friends, accepting introductions to their associates. Eddie Robinson of Grambling, college football's most successful head coach, patiently treads the upstairs lobby, coaches halting his progress every few steps. Georgia's Vince Dooley, the former president of the coaches association, easily circulates throughout the lobby and meeting rooms, while Bill Dooley (Vince's brother), sitting comfortably in an overstuffed chair, holds court with many of his present and former assistants from Virginia Tech; some powerful head coaches, it seems, are so powerful they can roam the masses virtually unscathed.

Over at the bar, unattached coaches view these congenial gatherings, unsure of how to approach the unapproachable. They turn back to the contents of their glasses; sagging shoulders and dark-circled eyes betray the unemployed.

This coming January, the convention moves to San Diego. The Sheraton Harbor Island hotel. New pursuers, new pursued.

And a new Lobby.

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